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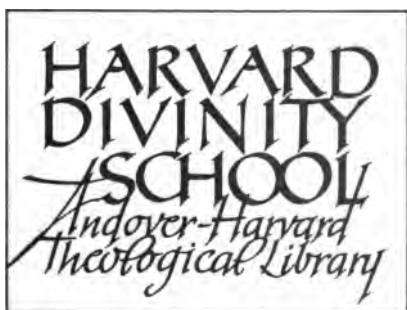
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HYMNS

AND

DEVOTIONAL POETRY.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

C. W. ANDREWS.

C

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P R E F A C E.

As the following Hymns are not designed for any one purpose exclusively, they will be found suitable for many—most of them for singing and collective worship, and all of them for devotional reading. None of those in the book of Common Prayer are reprinted here, as they are presumed to be already in the hands of those who will purchase these. A growing demand for more hymns for various uses among our people is proved by the fact that so many thousands of hymn-books are being purchased by them from private and other sources. And should the Church revise and enlarge its Hymnal, there will still be many hymns which, though properly omitted from such a collection, would properly be retained in one like the present. This work has had the benefit of revision by a number of persons reputed to be of most skill in this particular line; but in the general, not much regard has been had to modern criticisms upon this kind of devotional literature—criticisms which would scarcely leave us fifty hymns in the language having

any other merit than mere faultlessness. Our Christian people in general, whether with or without literary culture, have a different standard both of taste and judgment, partly from early and hallowed associations, and partly from a deliberate preference for spirit and effectiveness over mere poetical proprieties, where the last can not be had without sacrificing the first.

That many hymns might be made better is very conceivable; and so of numerous translations of the Holy Scriptures; but there is a general and just aversion to having this devotional literature given up to endless change, according to the ever-changing tastes of compilers, whether acting in committees or as individuals. The changes in this work are restorations, or the originals have in general been copied, instead of versions.

The aim has of course been to exclude hymns which have no merit, either literary or religious, and to include those containing the most condensed and forceful expression of Christian doctrine and Christian feeling. Such hymns, in their effects upon the soul, surpass all other human writings, having a felicity of application, and a depth and concentration of meaning, which constitute the nearest approach to the Holy Scriptures.

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HYMNS

AND

DEVOTIONAL POETRY.

I. GOD.

1.

L.M.

- O** HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Thou God of hosts by all adored:
The earth and heavens are full of Thee,
Thy light, Thy power, Thy majesty.
- 2** Loud hallelujahs to Thy name,
Angels and seraphim proclaim;
By all the powers and thrones in heaven,
Eternal praise to Thee is given.
- 3** Apostles join the glorious throng
And swell the loud triumphant song;
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujahs round.
- 4** Glory to Thee, O God most high!
Father, we praise Thy majesty;
The Son, the Spirit we adore,
One Godhead blest forevermore.

CONDER.

2.

C.M.

HAIL ! holy, holy, holy, Lord !
 Whom One in three we know ;
 By all Thy heavenly host adored,
 By all Thy Church below.

2 One undivided Trinity,
 With triumph we proclaim ;
 Thy universe is full of Thee,
 And speaks Thy glorious name.

3 Thee, holy Father, we confess
 Thee, holy Son, adore :
 Thee, Spirit of truth and holiness,
 We worship evermore.

4 The incommunicable right,
 Almighty God, receive !
 Which angel-choirs, and saints in light,
 And saints embodied give.

5 Three persons, equally divine,
 We magnify and love :
 And both the choirs ere long shall join
 To sing thy praise above.

6 Hail ! holy, holy, holy Lord !
 (Our heavenly song shall be,)
 Supreme, essential One, adored
 In coëternal Three.

WESLEY.

3.

C.M.

THE Lord descended from above,
 And bowed the heavens most high;
 And underneath His feet He cast
 The darkness of the sky.

- 2 On cherub and on cherubim
 Full royally He rode,
 And on the wings of mighty winds
 Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,
 Their fury to restrain;
 And He, a sovereign Lord and King,
 For evermore shall reign.
- 4 O God, my strength and fortitude!
 Of force I must love thee:
 Thou art my castle and defense,
 In my necessity!

STERNHOLD.

4. *

C.M.

KEEP silence, all created things,
 And wait your Maker's nod;
 My soul stands trembling, while she sings
 The honors of her God.

- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
 Hang on His firm decree;
 He sits on no precarious throne,
 Nor borrows leave—to be.

- 3 Before His throne a volume lies,
 With all the fates of men,
 With ev'ry angel's form and size
 Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,
 And makes his counsels shine ;
 Each op'ning leaf, and ev'ry stroke,
 Fulfills some deep design.
- 5 Here, he exalts neglected worms
 To sceptres and a crown ;
 And there, the following page he turns,
 And treads the monarch down.
- 6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
 Nor God the reason gives ;
 Nor dares the fav'rite angel pry
 Between the folded leaves.
- 7 In Thy fair book of life and grace,
 Oh ! may I find my name
 Recorded in some humble place,
 Beneath my Lord—the Lamb.

WATTS.

5.

C.M.

BEGIN, my tongue, the heavenly strain ;
 Awake, my heart, and sing,
 The gracious work and saving name
 Of our eternal King.

- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness
And sound his power abroad ;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord
To wretched, dying men ;
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines :
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.
- 5 Yes, ev'ry word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies ;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.
- 6 Jesus, unchangeable, the same
My confidence, my boast ;
Thou wilt not put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

WATTS.

6.

L.M.

NOW to the Lord a noble song !
Awake my soul, awake my tongue,
Hosanna to the Eternal Name,
And all His boundless love proclaim.

- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of His grace ;
God, in the person of His Son,
Hath all His mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God ;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name !
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound !
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground !

5 Oh ! may I live to reach the place
Where He unveils His lovely face !
Where all His beauties you behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold !

WATTS.

7.

C.M.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
How high thy wonders rise !
Known through the earth by thousand
signs
By thousands through the skies :
Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power ;
Their motions speak thy skill ;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

2 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ ;
They show the labor of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet ;
But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
*Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms :*

3 Here the whole Deity is known,
 Nor dares a creature guess
 Which of the glories brightest shone,
 The justice or the grace :
 Now the full glories of the Lamb
 Adorn the heavenly plains ;
 Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
 And try their choicest strains.

4 Oh ! may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song !
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Who sweetly all agree
 To save a world of sinners lost,
 Eternal glory be.

WATTS.

8.

C.M.

[N all my vast concerns with thee,
 In vain my soul would try
 To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
 The notice of Thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
 My rising and my rest,
 My public walks, my private ways,
 The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
 Before they're formed within ;
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,
 He knows the sense I mean.

- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high !
 Where can a creature hide ?
 Within thy circling arms I lie,
 Beset on every side.

WESLEY.

9.

C.M.

- O GOD ! we praise Thee, and confess
 That Thou the only Lord
 And everlasting Father art,
 By all the earth adored.

- 2 To Thee all angels cry aloud,
 To Thee the powers on high,
 Both cherubim and seraphim,
 Continually do cry :

- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord !
 Whom heavenly hosts obey,
 The world is with the glory filled
 Of Thy majestic sway.

- 4 The apostles, glorious company,
 And prophets crowned with light,
 With all the martyr's noble host,
 Thy constant praise recite.

- 5 The holy Church throughout the world
 O Lord ! confesses Thee,
 That Thou the eternal Father art
 Of boundless majesty.

PATRICK.

II. CHRIST.

THE INCARNATION.

10.

NO war nor battle sound
Was heard the world around ;
No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran ;
But peaceful was the night,
In which the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.

2 The shepherds on the lawn,
Before the point of dawn,
In social circle sat ; while all around,
The gentle fleecy brood
Or cropped the flowery food,
Or slept or sported on the verdant ground.

3 When lo ! with ravished ears,
Each swain delighted hears
Sweet music, offspring of no mortal hand ;
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
With blissful rapture charmed the listening
band.

4 They saw a glorious light,
 Burst on their wondering sight;
 Harping in solemn choir, in robes arrayed,
 The helmed cherubim
 And sworded seraphim
 Are seen in glittering ranks, with wings displayed.

5 Sounds of so sweet a tone
 Before were never known,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung
 While God disposed in air
 Each constellation fair,
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung.

6 "Hail, hail, auspicious morn!
 The Saviour Christ is born!"
 Such was th' immortal seraph's song sublime.
 "Glory to God in heaven!
 To man sweet peace is given,
 Sweet peace and friendship to the end of time."
 MILTON.

11.

III.5.

ANGELS from the realms of glory
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
 Ye who sang creation's story,
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth.
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,

God with man is now residing :
 Yonder shines the infant light.
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations ;
 Brighter visions beam afar ;
 Seek the great desire of nations ;
 Ye have seen His natal star..
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear,
 Suddenly the Lord descending,
 In his temple shall appear.
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
 Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
 Justice now revokes the sentence,
 Mercy calls you—break your chains.
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

MONTGOMERY.

12.

III.3.

HARK ! what mean those holy voices
 Sweetly sounding through the skies ?
 Lo ! the angelic host rejoices,
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

- 2 Hear them tell the wondrous story;
Hear them chant in hymns of joy:
Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!
- 3 "Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven!"
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 Christ is born, the Great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
Oh! receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!
- 5 Haste, ye mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name and taste His joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him:
"Glory be to God on high!"

CAWOOD.

13.

III.2.

(CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies—
Christ, the true and only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, be near,
Day-star, in my heart appear!

- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till Thy mercy's beams I see—
Till they inward light impart
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

WESLEY.

14.

II.4.

JOIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
 That mortals ever knew,
 That angels ever bore ;
 All are too mean to speak His worth—
 Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Jesus, my great High-Priest,
 Offered his blood and died ;
 My guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside :
 His powerful blood did once atone,
 And now it pleads before the throne.

3 My great Almighty Lord !
 My Conqueror and my King !
 Thy sceptre and thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace I sing ;
 Thine is the power—behold I sit
 In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

4 I love my Shepherd's voice ;
 His watchful eye shall keep
 My wand'ring soul among
 The thousands of His sheep.
 He feeds his flock, He calls their names,
 His bosom bears the tender lambs.

5 To this great Surety's hand
 Will I commit my cause.
 He answers and fulfills
 His Father's broken laws.
 Behold my soul at freedom set,
 My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

- 6 Now let my soul arise,
 And tread the tempest down;
 My Captain leads me forth
 To conquest and a crown.
 A feeble saint shall win the day
 Though death and hell obstruct the way.
 WATTS.
-

15.

L.M.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
 The house of God not made with hands,
 A great High-Priest our nature wears,
 The guardian of mankind appears.

- 2 He who for men their surety stood,
 And poured on earth His precious blood,
 Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,
 The Saviour and the friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,
 He bends on earth a brother's eye
 Partaker of the human name,
 He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
 A fellow feeling of our pains,
 And still remembers in the skies,
 His tears, His agonies and cries.
- 5 In every pang that rends the heart,
 The Man of Sorrows has a part.
 He sympathizes with our grief,
 And to the sufferer sends relief.

- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
 Let us make all our sorrows known,
 And ask the aid of heavenly power,
 To help us in the evil hour.

LOGAN.

16.

C.M.

CHRIST is the sure foundation-stone,
 Which God in Zion lays,
 To build our heavenly hopes upon,
 And his eternal praise,

- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
 His saints adore His name;
 They rest their whole salvation here,
 Nor shall they suffer shame.

- 3 The scribe, the Pharisee, and priest,
 Reject him with disdain;
 Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest,
 And envy, rage in vain.

- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
 Yet must this building rise;
 'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
 And wondrous in our eyes.

17.

C.M.

THE Saviour, oh! what endless charms
 Dwell in the blissful sound!
 Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
 And spreads sweet comfort round.

- 2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
 In rich effusion flow,
 For guilty rebels lost in sin,
 And doomed to endless wo.
- 3 Oh! the rich depths of love divine,
 Of bliss, a boundless store!
 Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine;
 I can not wish for more.
- 4 On Thee alone my hope relies,
 Beneath Thy cross I fall;
 My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
 My Saviour, and my all.

STANLEY

18.

C.M.

JESUS, I love Thy charming name,
 'Tis music to my ear;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud
 That earth and heaven might hear.

- 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul.
 My transport and my trust;
 Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.

- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
 In Thee doth richly meet;
 Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.

- 4 I'll speak the honors of Thy name,
 With my last parting breath;
 And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

DODDRI

19.

C.M.

OH! for a thousand tongues, to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise!
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread through all the earth abroad,
 The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
 He sets the prisoner free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean;
 His blood availed for me.

WESLEY.

20.

C.M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fears.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 It calms the troubled breast,
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.

- 3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place,
 My never-failling treasury, filled
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
 Although with sin defiled;
 Satan accuses me in vain,
 And I am owned a child.
- 5 Jesus, my shepherd, guardian, friend,
 My prophet, priest, and King,
 My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought,
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 7 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath,
 And may the music of Thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

NEWTON.

21.

II. 4.

HAIL, everlasting Spring!
 Celestial Fountain, hail!
 Thy streams salvation bring,
 Thy waters never fail:
 Still they endure,
 And still they flow,
 For all our wo
 A sovereign cure.

2 Blessed be His wounded side,
 And blessed His bleeding heart,
 Who all in anguish died
 Such favors to impart :
 His sacred blood
 Shall make us clean
 From ev'ry sin,
 And fit for God.

3 To that dear source of love,
 Our souls this day would come ;
 And thither from above,
 Lord, call the nations home ;
 Till Jew and Greek,
 With rapt'rous songs
 On all their tongues,
 Thy praise shall speak.

DODDRIDGE.

22.

II. 3.

O JESUS! source of calm repose,
 Thy like nor man nor angel knows,
 Fairest among ten thousand fair :
 E'en those whom death's sad fetters bound,
 Whom thickest darkness compassed round,
 Find light and life if Thou appear.

2 Effulgence of the light divine,
 Ere rolling planets knew to shine,
 Ere time its ceaseless course began :
 Thou, when th' appointed hour was come,
 Didst not abhor the virgin's womb,
 But God with God wast man with man.

- 3 The world, sin, death, oppose in vain ;
 Thou, by Thy dying, Death hast slain,
 My great Deliv'rer and my God !
 In vain does the old Dragon rage,
 In vain all hell its powers engage ;
 None can withstand Thy conqu'ring blood.
 WESLEY.
-

23.

L. M.

- M**Y song shall bless the Lord of all,
 My praise shall climb to His abode ;
 Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
 The great Supreme, the mighty God.
- 2 Without beginning or decline,
 Object of faith, and not of sense ;
 Eternal ages saw Him shine,
 He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much when in the manger laid,
 Almighty Ruler of the sky,
 As when the six days work He made
 Filled all the morning stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
 Salvation is His dearest claim ;
 That gracious sound well pleased He hears,
 And owns Immanuel for His name.
- 5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
 My well-placed hopes with joy I see,
 My bosom glows with heavenly zeal
 To worship Him who died for me.

COWPER.

24.

L. M.

HE lives! the great Redeemer lives!
 What joy the blest assurance gives!
 And now, before his Father, God,
 Pleads the full merits of His blood.

- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
 And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
 But in the Saviour's lovely face
 Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 In every dark, distrustful hour,
 When sin and Satan join their power,
 Let this dear hope repel the dart—
 That Jesus bears us on His heart.
- 4 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
 On thee our humble hopes depend:
 Our cause can never, never fail,
 For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

STEELE.

25.

C. M.

OH! the delights, the heavenly joys,
 The glories of the place,
 Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
 Of His o'erflowing grace.

- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love,
 Sit smiling on His brow;
 And all the glorious ranks above,
 At humble distance bow.

- 3 This is the man, th' exalted man,
 Whom we unseen adore ;
 But when our eyes behold His face,
 Our hearts shall love Him more.

WATTS.

26.

II. 6.

O SACRED head ! now wounded,
 With grief and shame bowed down,
 Now scornfully surrounded
 With thorns Thine only crown ;
 O sacred head ! what glory,
 What bliss till now was Thine ;
 But though despised and gory,
 I joy to call thee mine.

- 2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
 Was all for sinners' gain ;
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But Thine the deadly pain ;
 Lo here I fall, my Saviour,
 'Tis I deserve Thy place,
 Look on me with Thy favor,
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

- 3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
 Above all joy beside,
 When in thy body broken,
 I thus with safety hide ;
 My Lord of life, desiring
 Thy glory now to see,
 Beside Thy cross expiring,
I'll breathe my soul to Thee.

- 4 What language shall I borrow,
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
 For this Thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end ?
 Oh ! make me Thine forever
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never,
 Outlive my love to Thee.
- 5 If ever I should leave Thee,
 O Jesus ! leave not me ;
 In faith may I receive Thee,
 When death shall set me free.
 When strength and comfort languish,
 And I must hence depart,
 Release me then from anguish,
 By Thine own wounded heart.
- 6 Be near when I am dying,
 Then show Thy cross to me,
 And to my succor flying,
 Come, Lord, to set me free ;
 These eyes new faith receiving,
 From Jesus will not move.
 For he who dies believing,
 Dies safely through Thy love.

PAUL GERHARDT.*

27.

III. 2.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the tempter's power,
 Your Redeemer's conflict see,
 Watch with Him one bitter hour :
 Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

* Translated by J. W. Alexander.

- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned.
Oh! the wormwood and the gall,
Oh! the pangs his soul sustained.
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss,
Learn of Him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time—
God's own sacrifice complete.
It is finished, hear Him cry.
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay.
All is solitude and gloom:
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen—He meets our eyes!
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

MONTGOMERY.

28.

C. M.

Jesus seen of Angels.

BEYOND the glittering starry skies,
Far as th' eternal hills,
There in the boundless worlds of light,
Our dear Redeemer dwells.

- 2 Legions of angels round His throne,
In countless armies shine;
And swell His praise with golden harps,
Attuned to songs divine.

- 3 "Hail, glorious Prince of peace," they cry,
 "Whose unexampled love
 Moved Thee to quit these glorious realms,
 And royalties above."
- 4 Through all His travels here below,
 They did His steps attend ;
 Oft wondering how, or where at last,
 The mystic scene would end.
- 5 They saw His heart transfixed with wounds,
 And viewed the crimson gore ;
 They saw him break the bars of death,
 Which none e'er broke before.
- 6 They brought His chariot from above,
 To bear Him to His throne ;
 Clapped their triumphant wings, and cried :
 "The glorious work is done !"

GREGG.

- 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
 When powers of earth and hell arose
 Against the Son of God's delight,
 And friends betrayed Him to His foes.
- 2 Before the mournful scene began
 He took the bread, and blessed, and brake ;
 What love through all His actions ran !
 What wondrous words of grace He spake.

- 3 "This is my body broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food :"
Then took the cup and blessed the wine :
" 'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
- 4 "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying Friend ;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."
- 5 Jesus ! Thy feast we celebrate ;
We show Thy death, we sing Thy name,
Till Thou return and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.
- WATTS.

30.

III. 4.

MANY woes had Christ endured,
Many sore temptations met,
Patient and to pains inured ;
But the sorest trial yet
Was to be sustained in thee,
Gloomy, sad Gethsemane !

- 2 Came at length the dreadful night !
Vengeance, with his iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might,
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God :
See, my soul, the Saviour see,
Prostrate in Gethsemane.

- 3 View Him in that dark recess,
 Agonizing, bathed in blood ;
View thy Maker's deep distress,
 Hear the cries and groans of God :
Then reflect what sin must be,
Gazing on Gethsemane.
- 4 Oh ! what wonders love has done,
 But how little understood :
God well knows, and knows alone,
 What produced that sweat of blood :
Who can thy deep mysteries see,
Wonderful Gethsemane ?
- 5 There my God bore all my guilt :
 This through grace can be believed ;
But the torments which He felt
 Are too vast to be conceived :
None can penetrate through thee,
Doleful, dark Gethsemane
- 6 All my sins against my God—
 All my sins against His laws—
All my sins against His blood—
 All my sins against His cause—
Sins as boundless as the sea !
Hide me, O Gethsemane !
- 7 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One almighty God of love,
Praised by all the heavenly host
 In thy shining courts above—
We poor sinners, gracious Three,
Praise thee for Gethsemane.

31.

III. 4.

HARK, ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above;
 Jesus reigns and heaven rejoices:
 Jesus reigns the God of love.
 See He sits on yonder throne!
 Jesus rules the world alone;
 Hallelujah, amen!

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
 All above and gives it worth;
 Lord of love, thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth;
 When we think of love like Thine,
 Lord, we own it love divine.

3 King of glory, reign forever,
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing from Thy love can sever,
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine own,
 Happy objects of Thy grace,
 Chosen to behold Thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing,
 Bring, oh! bring, the glorious day,
 When the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away:
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,
 Glory, glory, to our King.

KELLY.

III. THE HOLY SPIRIT.

32.

S. M.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In the accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord,
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord—
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind,
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind—
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 Spirit of life, explore
And chase our gloom away ;
With lustre shining more and more,
Unto the perfect day.

5 Spirit of truth, be Thou
In life and death our guide ;
O Spirit of adoption ! now
May we be sanctified.

MONTGOMERY.

33.

L. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
 And fit me to approach my God ;
 Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
 And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast Thou imparted to my soul
 A living spark of holy fire ?
 Oh ! kindle now the sacred flame,
 Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
 And let me now my Saviour see :
 Oh ! soothe and cheer each burdened heart,
 And bid my spirit rest in Thee.

BURDER.

34.

L. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
 And lighten with celestial fire :
 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
 Who dost thy sev'n-fold gifts impart.

2 Thy blessed unction from above
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love ;
 Enable with perpetual light
 The dullness of our blinded sight.

3 Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;
 Where thou art guide, no ill can come ;
 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
 And Thee of both to be but one.

- 4 That through the ages all along
This, this may be our endless song ;
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.
-

35.

C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire—
This one great gift impart—
What most I need, and most desire,
An humble, holy heart.

- 2 Bear witness that I'm born again,
My many sins forgiven ;
Nor let a gloomy doubt remain
To cloud my hope of heaven.
- 3 More of myself grant I may know,
From sin's deceit be free,
In all the Christian graces grow,
And live alone to Thee.
-

36.

S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

- 2 From the celestial hills
Life, light, and joy dispense,
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quick'ning influence.

- 3 Melt, melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue ;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.
- 4 Mine will the blessing be ;
But Thine shall be the praise ;
And unto Thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

HART.

37.

C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us Thy influence prove ;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for, moved by Thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke ;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key
Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night ;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.
- 4 God, through Himself, we then shall know,
If Thou within us shine ;
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

WESLEY

38.

S. M.

PRAYER FOR A REVIVAL.

O LORD ! Thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour ;
And let our dying graces live
By Thy restoring power.

2 Oh ! let Thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer ;
Their solemn vows again renew
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak,
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend Thy gracious ear,
Now listen to our cry :
Oh ! come and bring salvation near—
Our souls on Thee rely.

HASTINGS.

39.

L. M.

LOOK down, O Lord ! with pitying eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie ;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.

2 And can these dead awake and live ?
And can these perished bones revive ?
That, mighty God ! to Thee is known ;
That wondrous work is all Thine own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,
To prophesy upon the slain,
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 But if Thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey Thy powerful voice—
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

DODDRIDGE.

40.

C. M.

SPIRIT of Truth! on this Thy day
To Thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long thy praises to proclaim,
With fervor in our own.

3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more;
Enough for us to trace Thy will,
In Scripture's sacred lore.

4 We neither have nor seek the power
Ill demons to control,
But Thou in dark temptation's hour
Shalt chase them from the soul.

5 Though tongues shall cease and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, with hope, with love.

41.

S.M.

THOU Comforter divine,
 Let Thy bright rays of love
 Amidst our gloom and darkness shine,
 And guide our souls above.

2 Draw with Thy still small voice
 Us from each sinful way,
 And bid the mourning soul rejoice
 Though earthly joys decay.

3 By Thine inspiring breath
 Make every cloud of care,
 And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
 A smile of glory wear.

4 Oh ! fill Thou every heart
 With love to all our race.
 Great Comforter, to us impart
 The fullness of Thy grace.

42.

III. 1.

OUTPOURING OF THE SPIRIT.

SEE how great a flame aspires,
 Kindled by a spark of grace !
 Jesus' love the nations fires—
 Sets the kingdoms in a blaze.

2 To bring fire on earth He came,
 Kindled in some hearts it is :
 Oh ! that all might catch the flame,
 All partake the glorious bliss.

- 3 When He first the work begun,
 Small and feeble was His day;
 Now the word doth swiftly run;
 Now it wins its widening way.
- 4 More and more it spreads and grows,
 Ever mighty to prevail;
 Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows—
 Shakes the trembling gates of hell.
- 5 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
 Little as a human hand?
 Now it spreads along the skies—
 Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.
- 6 Lo! the promise of a shower
 Drops already from above,
 But the Lord will shortly pour
 All the spirit of His love.

WESLEY.

PRAYER FOR THE OUTPOURING OF THE
 SPIRIT.

43.

III. 5.

SAVIOUR, visit Thy plantation,
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless Thou return again:
 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high;
 Lest for want of Thine assistance,
 Ev'ry plant should droop and die.

- 2 Surely once Thy garden flourished,
 Ev'ry part looked gay and green;
 Then Thy word our spirits nourished,
 Happy seasons we have seen!
 But a drought has since succeeded,
 And a sad decline we see;
 Lord, Thy help is greatly needed—
 Help can only come from Thee.
- 3 Where are those we counted leaders,
 Filled with zeal, and love, and truth?
 Old, yet green, like ancient cedars,
 Bright examples of our youth?
 Some in whom we once delighted,
 We shall meet no more below;
 Some alas! we fear are blighted,
 Scarce a single leaf they show.
- 4 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers;
 Let each one esteemed thy servant
 Shun the world's bewitching snares;
 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;
 And begin, from this good hour,
 To revive Thy work afresh.

NEWTON.

44.

"My son, give me thine heart."

HERE is my heart! my God, I give it Thee;
 I heard Thee call and say,
 "Not to the world, my child, but unto me;"
 I heard and will obey:

Here is love's offering to my King,
Which in glad sacrifice I bring:
Here is my heart.

2 Here is my heart! surely the gift, though
poor,
My God will not despise;
Vainly and long I sought to make it pure,
To meet Thy searching eyes;
Corrupted first in Adam's fall,
The stains of sin pollute it all:
My guilty heart!

3 Here is my heart! my heart so hard before,
Now by Thy grace made meet;
Yet bruised and wearied, it can only pour
Its anguish at Thy feet;
It groans beneath the weight of sin,
It sighs salvation's joy to win:
My mourning heart!

4 Here is my heart! in Christ its longings end,
Near to His cross it draws;
It says: "Thou art my portion, O my Friend!
Thy blood my ransom was."
And in the Saviour it has found
What blessedness and peace abound:
My trusting heart!

5 Here is my heart! ah! Holy Spirit, come,
Its nature to renew,
And consecrate it wholly as Thy home,
A temple fair and true.
Teach it to love and serve Thee more,
To fear Thee, trust Thee, and adore:
My cleansed heart!

- 6 Here is my heart ! it trembles to draw near
The glory of Thy throne ;
Give it the shining robe Thy servants wear,
Of righteousness Thine own ;
Its pride and folly chase away,
And all its vanity, I pray :
My humbled heart !
- 7 Here is my heart ! teach it, O Lord ! to cling
In gladness unto Thee ;
And in the day of sorrow still to sing,
“ Welcome, my God’s decree :”
Believing, all its journey through,
That Thou art wise, and just, and true :
My waiting heart !
- 8 Here is my heart ! O Friend of friends ! be
near,
To make each tempter fly ;
And when my latest foe I wait with fear,
Give me the victory !
Gladly on Thy love reposing,
Let me say, when life is closing :
“ Here is my heart !

GERMAN.

IV. THE GOSPEL CALL.

AWAKENING AND INVITING.

45.

III. 1.

WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
 When the death shades o'er thee spread,
 When is finished thy career,
 Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,
 When draws near the judgment-day,
 When the awful trump shall sound,
 Say, oh! where wilt thou be found?

3 When the Judge descends in light,
 Clothed in majesty and might,
 When the wicked quail with fear,
 Where, oh! where, wilt thou appear?

4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
 When the saints and thou must part?
 When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where, wilt thou be found?

- 5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly ;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer ;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

S. F. SMITH.

46.

III. 3.

HARK ! an awful voice is sounding,
" Christ is nigh !" it seems to say ;
" Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day !"

- 2 Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise ;
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.
- 3 Lo ! the Lamb so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven ;
Let us haste with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven.
- 4 So when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear ;
May He then, as our defender,
On the clouds of heaven appear.

CASWALL, TR.

47.

L. M.

SINNER, oh ! why so thoughtless grown ?
Why in such fearful haste to die ?
Why speed thy flight to worlds unknown,
Regardless of thy destiny ?

- 2 Wilt thou defy the wrath of God,
 Led on by sin's delusive dreams?
 Madly despise the Saviour's blood,
 And force thy passage to the flames?
- 3 Sinner, oh! lift thy thoughts above,
 And hear the Lord of life unfold
 The glories of His dying love—
 Forever telling, yet untold!

WATTS.

48.

C. M.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear,
 Repent! thy end is nigh;
 Death, at the farthest, can't be far—
 Oh! think before thou die!

- 2 Reflect thou hast a soul to save;
 Thy sins, how high they mount!
 What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
 How stands that dread account?
- 3 Death enters, and there's no defense,
 His time there's none can tell;
 He'll in a moment call thee hence,
 To heaven—or to hell!
- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
 Shall crawling worms consume:
 But ah! destruction stops not there—
 Sin kills beyond the tomb.
- 5 To-day the Gospel calls, to-day,
 Sinner, it speaks to you:
 Let every one forsake his way,
 And mercy will ensue.

HART.

49.

C. M.

AH! who can speak the vast dismay
That fills the sinner's mind,
When, torn by death's strong hand away,
He leaves his all behind!

2 Worldings who cleave to earthly things,
But are not rich to God,
Will feel that death is full of stings,
And hell a dark abode.

3 How blinded mortals fondly scheme
For happiness below,
Till death destroys the pleasing dream,
And they awake to wo.

4 O Saviour! make us timely wise,
Thy Gospel to attend;
That we may live above the skies,
When time and life shall end.

NEWTON.

50.

L. M.

O TIME! how few thy value weigh,
How few will estimate a day!
Days, months, and years are rolling on,
The soul neglected and undone.

2 In painful cares, or empty joys,
Our life its precious hours destroys:
Whilst death stands watching at our side,
Eager to stop the living tide.

- 3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,
 Your Maker gave you here a place?
 Was it for this His thoughts designed
 The frame of your immortal mind
- 4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,
 He fashioned all the sons of time;
 Pilgrims on earth, but soon to be
 The heirs of immortality.

SCOTT.

51.

L. M.

LIFE is the hour that God hath given
 To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven,
 The day of grace; and mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.

- 2 Then what my thoughts design to do,
 My hands, with all your might pursue;
 Since no device nor work is found,
 Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground,
- 3 There are no acts of pardon passed
 In the cold grave to which we haste;
 But darkness, death, and long despair,
 Reign in eternal silence there.

WATTS.

52.

L. M.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
 Mercy is found and peace is given,
 But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
 Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

- 2 While God invites, how blessed the day !
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound !
Come, sinners, haste, oh ! haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.
- 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave ;
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise.
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

DWIGHT.

53.

L. M.

- COME, O ye sinners ! to the Lord,
In Christ to paradise restored ;
His proffered benefits embrace,
The plenitude of Gospel grace.
- 2 A pardon written with His blood ;
The favor and the peace of God ;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence ;
 - 3 The godly fear the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart ;
The tears that tell your sins forgiven ;
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven ;
 - 4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The unutterable tenderness ;
The genuine, meek humility ;
The wonder, why such love to me ?

- 5 The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face ;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

DODDRIDGE.

54.

L. M.

COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest ;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

- 2 Oppressed with sin, a painful load,
Oh ! come and spread your woes abroad :
Divine Compassion, mighty Love,
Will all the painful load remove.

- 3 How mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes :
Pardon and life, and endless peace ;
How rich the gifts—how free the grace !

- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope Thy gracious words impart ;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

- 5 Dear Saviour, let Thy wondrous love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;
Oh ! sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

STERNA.

55.

TO-DAY the Saviour calls,
 Ye wanderers, come :
 O ye benighted souls !
 Why longer roam ?

2 To-day the Saviour calls ;
 Oh ! hear Him now ;
 Within these sacred walls
 To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls ;
 For refuge fly ;
 The storm of justice falls,
 And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day
 Yield to His power.
 Oh ! grieve Him not away—
 'Tis mercy's hour.

HASTINGS.

56.

C. M.

COME, sinner, to the Gospel feast ;
 Oh ! come without delay ;
 For there is room in Jesus' breast
 For all who will obey.

2 There's room in God's eternal love
 To save thy precious soul ;
 Room in the Spirit's grace above
 To heal, and make thee whole.

- 3 There's room within the Church redeemed
With blood of Christ divine ;
Room in the white-robed throng convened,
For that dear soul of thine.
- 4 There's room in heaven among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold,
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.
- 5 There's room around thy Father's board
For thee and thousands more.
Oh ! come and welcome to the Lord ?
Yes, come this very hour.

HUNTINGDON.

57.

CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day.
Heaven bids thee come
While yet there's room.
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

- 2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why will ye die ?
Come while thou canst borrow
Help from on high.
Grieve not that Love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Where wilt thou flee
 Through that long to-morrow,
 Eternity?
 Exiled from home,
 Where wilt thou roam?
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Where wilt thou flee?

4 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Lift up thine eye
 Heirship thou canst borrow
 In worlds on high!
 To that high home
 Through Christ alone,
 Child of sin and sorrow,
 Swift homeward fly.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

58.

IV. 5.

THE voice of Free Grace
 Cries, Escape to the mountain;
 For Adam's lost race
 Christ hath opened a fountain.
 For sin and pollution,
 And every transgression,
 His blood flows most freely
 In streams of salvation.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb
 Who hath bought us our pardon,
 We'll praise him again
 When we pass over Jordan.

- 2 Ye souls that are wounded,
 To Jesus repair ;
 Now He calls you in mercy—
 And can you forbear ?
 Though your sins are increased
 As high as a mountain,
 That blood can remove them
 Which streams from this fountain.
 Hallelujah, etc.
- 3 O Jesus ! ride onward,
 Triumphantly glorious.
 O'er sin, death, and hell,
 Thou'rt more than victorious ;
 Thy name is the theme
 Of the great congregation,
 While angels and saints
 Raise the shout of salvation.
 Hallelujah, etc.
- 4 With joy shall we stand
 When escaped to that shore ;
 With our harps in our hands
 We will praise Him the more ;
 We'll range the sweet fields
 On the banks of the river,
 And sing of salvation
 Forever and ever.
 Hallelujah, etc.

THORNEY

59.

III. 5.

COME, ye souls, by sin afflicted,
 Bowed with fruitless sorrow down ;
 By the perfect law convicted,
 Through the cross behold the crown !
 Look to Jesus,
 Mercy flows through Him alone.

- 2 Take His easy yoke, and wear it;
Love will make obedience sweet;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While His wisdom guides your feet,
Safe to glory,
Where his ransomed captives meet.
-

60.

III. 5.

HEAR, O sinner! mercy hails you;
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste and seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Hear, O sinner!
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

- 2 See! the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread;
Hark! the awful thunder rolling,
Loud and louder o'er your head:
Turn, O sinner!
Lest the lightning strike you dead.

- 3 Haste, O sinner! to the Saviour;
Seek His mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over—
Soon your life will pass away:
Haste, O sinner!
You must perish if you stay.

Read.

61.

L. M.

HOW long the time since Christ began
 To call in vain on me !
 Deaf to His warning voice, I ran
 Through paths of vanity.

2 He called me when my thoughtless prime
 Was early ripe to ill ;
 I passed from folly on to crime,
 And yet He called me still.

3 He called me in the time of dread,
 When death was full in view ;
 I trembled on my feverish bed,
 And rose to sin anew.

4. ' My struggling will by grace control,
 Renew the broken vow ;
 That blessed light breaks on my soul,
 My God I hear Thee now !

HEBER.

62

III. 2.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,
 What melodious sounds we hear,
 Bursting on the ravished ear :
 " Love's redeeming work is done,
 Come, and welcome, sinner, come.

2 " Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
 Why beneath thy burthens groan !
 On my pierced body laid,
 Justice owes the ransom paid ;
 Bow the knee and kiss the Son ;
 Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 "Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored ;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam ;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 "Soon the days of life shall end ;
Lo ! I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home ;
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

HAWES.

'63.

L. M.

HARK ! from the cross a voice of peace
Bids Sinai's awful thunders cease ;
Sinner, that voice of love obey,
From Christ the true, the living way.

2 How else His presence wilt thou bear,
When He in judgment shall appear—
When slighted love to wrath shall turn,
And all the earth like Sinai burn !

3 Now from the cross a voice of peace
Bids Sinai's awful thunders cease ;
O sinner ! while 'tis called to-day,
That voice of Sovereign Love obey.

64.

L.

DEEP are the wounds which sin has made
 Where shall the sinner find a cure?
 In vain, alas ! is nature's aid,
 The work exceeds her utmost power.

2 But can no sovereign balm be found !
 And is no kind physician nigh,
 To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
 Ere life and hope forever fly ?

3 There is a great Physician near ;
 Look up, O fainting soul ! and live ;
 See, in His heavenly smiles appear
 Such help as nature can not give.

4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood
 Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow
 'Tis only that dear, sacred flood
 Can ease thy pain and heal thy wo.

STR

65.

S.

YE trembling captives hear
 The Gospel trumpet sounds ;
 No music more can charm the ear,
 Or heal your heartfelt wounds.

2 'Tis not the trump of war,
 Nor Sinai's awful roar ;
 Salvation's news it spreads afar,
 And vengeance is no more.

3 Forgiveness, love, and peace,
Glad heaven aloud proclaims,
And earth the Jubilee's release
With eager rapture claims.

4 Far, far to distant lands
The saving news shall spread,
And Jesus all His willing bands
In glorious triumph lead.

66.

III. 2.

HEARTS of stone ! relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See His body, mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood !
Sinful soul ! what hast thou done ?
Crucified God's only Son !

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fixed Him there,
Crowned with thorns His sacred head,
Pierced Him with the bloody spear,
Made His soul a sacrifice—
While for sinful man He dies.

3 Wilt thou let Him bleed in vain—
Still to death thy Lord pursue ?
Open all his wounds again,
And the shameful cross renew ?
No ! with all my sins I'll part,
Break, oh ! break, my bleeding heart !

67.

L. M.

SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
 Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
 Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
 And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
 It was the Spirit's gracious call,
 It bade thee make the better choice,
 And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
 Regard in time the warning kind,
 That call thou mayst not always slight,
 And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
 With hardened, self-destroying men;
 Ye, who persist His love to grieve,
 May never hear His voice again.

5 Sinner, perhaps this very day
 Thy last accepted time may be;
 Oh! shouldst thou grieve Him now away,
 Then hope may never beam on thee.

HYM.

68.

III. 5.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
 Sent in mercy from above?
 Every sentence, oh! how tender?
 Every line is full of love;
Listen to it:
Every line is full of love.

- 2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner, pardon,
Free forgiveness in His name!
Glorious tidings!
Free forgiveness in His name.
- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor,
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
And with news of consolation
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds,
Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it,
Offered to you by the Lord?
- 5 O ye angels! hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way,
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners,
Glad the message will obey.

ALLEN.

69.

C. M.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousands thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess ;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone
Without His sovereign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
Perhaps He may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

R. JONES.

SINNER, art thou still secure ?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray ?
*Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day ?*

- 2 See, His mighty arm is bared !
Awful terrors clothe His brow ;
For His judgment stand prepared,
Thou must either break or bow-
- 3 At His presence nature shakes,
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee ;
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee ?
- 4 Who His advent may abide ?
You, that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapt in flame ?
- 5 Lord prepare us by thy grace !
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be called to pass
Through the iron gate of death.
- 6 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the Gospel voice,
Seek the things that are above,
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

NEWTON.

71.

III. 1.

COME, ye weary souls oppressed,
Find in Christ the promised rest ;
On Him all your burdens roll.
He can wound, and He make whole.

- 2 Ye who dread the wrath of God,
Come and wash in Jesus' blood ;
To the Son of David cry,
In His word He's passing by.

- 3 Naked, guilty, poor, and blind,
 All your wants in Jesus find ;
 This the day of mercy is,
 Now accept the proffered bliss.

DE COURCY.

72.

II. 4.

YE dying sons of men,
 Immersed in sin and wo,
 The Gospel's voice attend,
 Which Jesus sends to you:
 Ye perishing and guilty, come,
 In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

- 2 No longer now delay,
 No vain excuses frame ;
 He bids you come to day,
 Though poor, and blind, and lame ;
 All things are ready, sinners, come !
 For every trembling soul there's room.

- 3 Compelled by bleeding love,
 Ye wandering souls draw near.
 Christ calls you from above—
 His charming accents hear !
 Let whosoever will, now come ,
 In mercy's arms there still is room.

BODEN.

73.

A LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
 And did my Sovereign die ?
 Would He devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I ?

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! ~~grace~~ unknown!
 And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When God, the mighty Maker, died,
 For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While His dear cross appears,
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes in tears.
- 5 But floods of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.

WATTS.

74.

II. 4.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow;
 The gladly solemn sound
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atoning Lamb;
 Redemption by His blood
 Through all the world proclaim:
 The year, etc.

- 3 Ye who have sold for naught
 Your heritage above,
 Come, take it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love :
 The year, etc.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive ;
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live :
 The year, etc.
- 5 The Gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of pard'ning grace ;
 Ye happy souls draw near ;
 Behold your Saviour's face ;
 The year, etc.
- 6 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
 Has full atonement made ;
 Ye weary spirits, rest ;
 Ye mourning souls, be glad :
 The year of jubilee has come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- TOPLADY.

75.

L. M.

- H**O ! every one that thirsts, draw nigh,
 'Tis God invites the fallen race ;
 Mercy and free salvation buy :
 Buy wine, and milk, and Gospel grace.
- 2 Ye nothing in exchange can give ;
 Leave all ye have and are behind ;
Freely the gift of God receive ;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

3 See from the rock a fountain rise ;
For you in healing streams it flows ;
Money ye need ~~not~~ bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Come to the living waters, come !
Sinners, obey your Maker's voice ;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And in redeeming-love rejoice.

WESLEY.

76.

HARK, how the Gospel trumpet sounds !
Through all the world the echo bounds,
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners home to God ;
And guides them safely by His word
To endless day.

2 Hail, all-victorious, conq'ring Lord !
By all the heavenly host adored ;
Who undertook for fallen man,
And brought salvation through Thy name ;
That we with Thee might live and reign
In endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conq'ring saints, fight on !
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in His kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory you shall wear
In endless day.

- 4 There we shall in sweet chorus join,
 And saints and angels all combine
 To sing of His redeeming love,
 When rolling years shall cease to move ;
 And that shall be the theme above,
 In endless day.

MEDLEY

77.

II. 6.

STOP, O sinner ! stop, and think,
 Before you further go !
 Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting wo ?
 Once again we charge you, stop !
 For unless you warning take,
 Ere you are aware you drop
 Into the burning lake.

- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you His will oppose ?
 Fear you not that iron rod
 With which He breaks His foes ?
 Can you stand in that dread day,
 When He judgment shall proclaim,
 And the earth shall melt away,
 Like wax before the flame ?

- 3 Pale-faced death will quickly come,
 To drag you to his bar ;
 Then to hear your awful doom
 Will fill you with despair ;
 All your sins will round you crowd,
 Sins of a blood-crimson dye ;
 Each for vengeance crying loud,
 And what can you reply ?

4 Though your heart be made of steel,
 Your forehead lined with brass,
 God at length will make you feel,
 He will not let you pass :
 Sinners then in vain will call,
 (Though they now despise His grace,)
 "Rocks and mountains on us fall
 And hide us from His face."

5 But as yet there is a hope
 You may His mercy know,
 Though His arm is lifted up,
 He still forbears the blow :
 'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
 Sinners He invites to come ;
 None who come shall be denied,
 He says, "There still is room."

NEWTON.

78.

L. M.

The Young invited.

TO-DAY, if ye will hear His voice,
 Now is the time to make your choice ;
 Say, will you to Mount Zion go ?
 Say, will you have this Christ, or no ?

2 Ye wand'ring souls, who find no rest,
 Say, will you be forever blessed ?
 Will you be saved from sin and hell ?
 Will you with Christ in glory dwell ?

3 Come now, dear youth, for ruin bound,
 Obey the Gospel's joyful sound ;
 Come, go with us, and you shall prove
 The joy of Christ's redeeming love.

- 4 Once more we ask you in His name—
 For yet His love remains the same—
 Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
 Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
- 5 Leave all your sports and glittering toys,
 Come, share with us eternal joys;
 Or must we leave you bound to hell?
 Then, dear young friends, a long farewell.
-

79.

- W**E're travelling home to heaven above,
 Will you go?
 To sing the Saviour's dying love,
 Will you go?
 Millions have reached that blest abode,
 Anointed kings and priests to God,
 And millions more are on the road,
 Will you go?
- 2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
 Will you go?
 In rapturous strains to praise His name,
 Will you go?
 The crown of life we there shall wear,
 The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share,
 Will you go?
- 3 We are going to join the heavenly choir,
 Will you go?
 To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
 Will you go?

There saints and angels gladly sing,
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
Will you go ?

- 4 Ye weary, heavy-laden, come,
Will you go ?
In the blest house there still is room,
Will you go ?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on Him now believe,
Thy troubled conscience He'll relieve,
Come, believe.

- 5 The way to heaven is straight and plain,
Will you go ?
Repent, believe, be born again,
Will you go ?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see,
Come to me."

- 6 Oh ! could I hear some sinner say,
I will go,
I 'll go while yet 'tis called to-day,
Let me go !
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
With Jesus Christ I mean to dwell,
Let me go ! fare you well.

V. THE WAY OF SALVATION.

80.

L. M.

FROM my own works at last I cease,
 For God alone can give me peace;
 Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
 Of my own strength I must despair.

- 2 Lord, I despair myself to heal;
 I see my sins, but can not feel
 True sorrow, till Thy Spirit show
 My unbelief, the source of woe.
- 3 'Tis Thine alone to change this heart;
 Thou only canst good gifts impart;
 I therefore will my heart resign
 To Thee: oh! cleanse, and seal it Thine.
- 4 With humble faith on Thee I call,
 My light, my life, my Lord, my all;
 I wait the moving of the pool;
 I wait the word that makes me whole.
- 5 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
 Make my infected nature pure;
 Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
 And give Thyself unto my heart.

MOBAYIAN

81.

L. M.

NO more, my God, I boast no more,
 Of all the duties I have done ;
 I quit the hopes, I held before,
 To trust the merits of Thy Son.

2 Now trusting to His sacred name,
 What was my gain I count my loss ;
 My former pride I call my shame,
 And nail my glory to His cross.

3 Yes ; and till death I will esteem
 All things but loss for Jesus' sake ;
 Oh ! may my soul be found in Him,
 And of His righteousness partake !

4 The best obedience of my hands
 Dares not approach before Thy throne ;
 But faith can answer Thy demands,
 By pleading what my Lord has done.

WATTS.

82.

C. M.

THE Gospel comes with welcome news
 Of pardon, full and free ;
 Their various schemes while others choose,
 Saviour, we come to Thee.

2 Of merit never can we speak,
 For merit have we none ;
 But justified for Jesus' sake,
 We're saved by grace alone.

- 3 'Twas grace our wayward hearts first won,
 'Tis grace that holds us fast ;
 Grace will complete the work begun,
 And save us at the last.

- 4 Then shall our souls with rapture trace
 The love that set us free,
 And celebrate redeeming grace
 Through all eternity

KELLY.

83.

III. 2.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee :
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

- 2 Not the labors of my hands
 Can fulfill Thy laws' demands ;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
 Helpless, come to Thee for grace ;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly,
 Wash me, Jesus, or I die.

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death ;
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

TOPLADY.

84.

III. 5.

- (COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power ;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh :
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger ;
Nor of fitness fondly dream :
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him ;
This He gives you :
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all ;
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies !
 On the bloody tree behold Him !
 Hear Him cry, before He dies,
 "It is finished !"
 Sinners, will not this suffice ?
- 6 Lo ! th' incarnate God ascending,
 Pleads the merits of His blood ;
 Venture on Him, venture freely ;
 Let no other trust intrude :
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,
 While the blissful courts of heaven
 Sweetly echo with His name :
 Hallelujah !
 Sinners here may do the same.

HART.

. 85.

II. 1.

A WAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
 My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
 And knew not where to go ;
 Eternal truth did loud proclaim
 The sinner must be born again,
 Or sink in endless wo.

- 2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell
 Which way to shun the gates of hell,
 For death and hell drew near.
 I strove, indeed, but strove in vain ;
 The sinner must be born again,
 Still sounded in mine ear.

- 3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head,
A vast, oppressive load.
Alas! I read and saw it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or feel the wrath of God!
- 4 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
I sunk in deep despair.
- 5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Nazareth passed that way,
And felt His pity move—
The sinner, by His justice slain,
Now by His grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

OOKUM.

86.

ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh—
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Your ransom and peace,
Your surety He is;
Come see if there ever was sorrow like His.

- 2 For what you have done
His blood must atone;
The Father hath punished for you His dear
Son:

The Lord, in the day
Of His anger, did lay
Your sins on the Lamb, and He bore them
away.

3 For you, and for me,
He prayed on the tree ;
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free :
That sinner am I,
Who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God can not deny.

4 My pardon I claim,
For sinner I am ;
A sinner believing in Jesus's name :
He purchased the grace
Which now I embrace ;
O Father ! thou know'st He has died in my
place.

5 Love moved Him to die,
On this I rely ;
My Saviour hath loved me, I can not tell why :
But this thing I find,
We two are joined ;
He'll not be in glory, and leave me behind.

6 With joy we approve
The plan of His love,
A wonder to all both below and above :
When time is no more,
We still shall adore
That ocean of love without bottom or shore.

87.

L. M.

The Lord our Righteousness.

JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise
To take my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
" Jesus hath lived and died for me."

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
While through Thy blood absolved I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.

4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners, Thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

5 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

6 Oh ! let the dead now hear Thy voice—
Bid, Lord, Thy banished ones rejoice :
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

ZINZENDORF.

88.

C. M.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
 Unworthy though I be,
 For me a blood-bought rich reward,
 A golden harp for me.

7 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
 And formed by power divine,
 To sound in God the Father's ears
 No other name but Thine.

COWPER.

89.

III. 1.

SOVEREIGN grace hath power alone
To subdue a heart of stone ;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.

2 When the Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with Him died ;
One, with vile blaspheming tongue,
Scoffed at Jesus as he hung.

3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death ;
Perished, as too many do,
With a Saviour in his view.

4 But the other, touched with grace,
Saw the danger of his case ;
Faith received to own his Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhorred.

5 "Lord," he cries, "remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be :"
"Soon with me," the Lord replies,
"Thou shalt rest in Paradise."

6 This was wondrous grace indeed ;
Grace bestowed in time of need !
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name ;
You will find Him still the same.

NEWTON.

90.

JUST as I am, without one plea
 Save that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God ! I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God ! I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fighting within, and fears without,
 O Lamb of God ! I come.

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind ;
 Light, riches, healing for the mind—
 Yes, all I need in Thee I find :
 O Lamb of God ! I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, forgive :
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God ! I come.

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown,
 Has broken every barrier down ;
 Now to Thine arms—Thine arms alone,
 O Lamb of God ! I come.

Fuller.

91.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.

2 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

3 I lay my wants on Jesus ;
All fullness dwells in Him ;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.

4 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

5 I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name is spread abroad.

6 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child.

7 I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
And learn the angel song.

H. BONAR.

HAIL ! sovereign love that first began
 The scheme to rescue fallen man ;
 Hail ! matchless, free, eternal grace,
 That gave my soul a hiding-place.

2 Against the God that built the sky,
 I fought with hands uplifted high ;
 Despised the mansions of His grace,
 Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

3 Enwrapt in dark, Egyptian night,
 And fond of darkness more than light ;
 Madly I ran the sinful race,
 Secure without a hiding-place.

4 But lo ! the eternal counsel ran,
 Almighty love arrest the man ;
 I felt the arrows of distress,
 And found I had no hiding-place.

5 Vindictive justice stood in view ;
 To Sinai's fiery mount I flew ;
 But justice cried, with frowning face,
 This mountain is no hiding-place.

6 But lo ! a heavenly voice I heard,
 And mercy's angel soon appeared ;
 Who led me on a pleasing pace,
 To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.

7 On Him Almighty vengeance fell,
 Which must have sunk a world to hell ;
 He bore it for His chosen race,
And thus became the hiding-place.

93.

III. 3.

“**M**ERCY, O thou Son of David !”
Thus the blind Bartimeus prayed :
“Others by Thy word are saved,
Now to me afford Thine aid.”

2 Many for his crying chid him,
But he called the louder still ;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him
Come, and ask me what you will.

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live ;
But he asked, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but He could give.

4 “Lord, remove this grievous blindness ;
Let my eyes behold the day !”
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

5 Oh ! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around :
“Friends, is not my case amazing ?
What a Saviour I have found !

6 “Oh ! that all the blind but knew Him,
And would be advised by me !
Surely they would hasten to Him,
He would cause them all to see.”

NEWTON

94.

III. 1.

GLORY unto Jesus be !

From the curse He set us free :
All our guilt on Him was laid,
He the ransom fully paid.

2 All His glorious work is done ;
God's well pleased in His Son ;
For He raised Him from the dead ;
Christ now reigns, the Church's head.

3 His redeemed His praise show forth,
Ever glorying in His worth ;
Angels sing around the throne—
"Thou art worthy, Thou alone !"

4 Ye who love him, cease to mourn,
He will certainly return ;
All His saints with Him shall reign ;
Come, Lord Jesus, come ! Amen.

95.

L. M.

JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to Thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee ;
Weary of earth, myself and sin—
Open Thine arms and take me in.

2 Pity and save my sin-sick soul,
'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole ;
Dark, till in me Thine image shine,
And lost I am till Thou art mine.

- 3 At length I own it can not be,
That I should fit myself for Thee ;
Here now to Thee I all resign,
Thine is the work and only Thine.
- 4 What shall I say Thy grace to move ?
Lord, I am sin, but Thou art love ;
I give up every plea beside—
Lord, I am lost, but Thou hast died.
-

96.

C. M.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus ! at Thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies ;
And upward to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead,
To expiate my guilt ;
No tears but those which Thou hast shed—
No blood, but Thou hast spilt.
- 4 Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive :
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

STANFORD.

97.

AND can it be that I should gain
 An interest in the Saviour's blood ;
 Died He for me who caused His pain—
 For me, who Him to death pursued ?
 Amazing love, how can it be,
 That Thou, my Lord, should die for me ?

2 'Tis mystery all ! The Immortal dies ;
 Who can explore this strange design ?
 In vain the first-born seraph tries
 To sound the depths of love divine.
 'Tis mercy all ! Let earth adore,
 Let angel-minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above,
 So free, so infinite His grace,
 Emptied Himself of all but love,
 And bled for Adam's helpless race.
 'Tis mercy all immense and free,
 For O my God ! it found out me.

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night ;
 Thine eye diffused a quickening ray—
 I woke, the dungeon beamed with light,
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,
 I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread ;
 Jesus, and all in Him, is mine.
 Alive in Him, my living Head,
 And clothed in righteousness divine,
 Bold I approach the eternal throne,
 And claim the crown through Christ my own.

98.

C. M.

THOU, O my Jesus! Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace.

2 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
Yes, death itself; and all for one,
That was Thine enemy.

3 Then, why, O blessed Jesus Christ!
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell.

4 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord!

5 E'en so I love Thee and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

F. XAVIER.

99.

C. M.

MERCY alone can meet my case;
For mercy, Lord, I cry;
Jesus Redeemer, show Thy face
In mercy, or I die.

- 2 Save me, for none beside can save ;
 At Thy command I tread,
 With failing steps, life's stormy wave ;
 The wave goes o'er my head.
- 3 I perish, and my doom were just.
 But wilt Thou leave me? No!
 I hold Thee fast, my hope, my trust ;
 I will not let Thee go.
- 4 To Thee, Thee only will I cleave ;
 Thy word is all my plea ;
 That word is truth, and I believe—
 Have mercy, Lord on me.

MONTGOMERY.

100.

S. M.

- A**ND can I yet delay
 My little all to give ?
 To tear my soul from earth away,
 For Jesus to receive ?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield !
 I can hold out no more :
 I sink, by dying love compelled,
 And own Thee conqueror !
- 3 Though late, I all forsake,
 My friends, my all resign :
 Gracious Redeemer, take, oh ! take,
 And seal me ever Thine !
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,
 Nor hence again remove :
 Settle and fix my wav'ring soul,
 With all Thy weight of love.

- 5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know,
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good to know.

WESLEY.

101.

C. M.

The Great Change.

BY every means, in every way,
My soul shall seek the Lord ;
At home, abroad, by night, by day,
Till He His grace afford.

- 2 Does He retire ?—I'll still pursue,
And mend my heavy pace,
Till with rejoicing eyes I view
His lovely, smiling face.

- 3 I with His people will attend,
Expecting Him to see ;
Jesus, my Saviour and my friend,
Oh ! come and visit me !

- 4 Were I of all the world possessed,
I would the whole resign,
If I might only once be blest,
And say that Thou art mine.

102.

IV. 4.

OH ! fly, mourning sinner, saith Jesus to me,
Thy guilt I will pardon—thy soul I will free ;
From the chains that have bound thee my
grace shall release,
And thy stains I will wash and thy sorrows
shall cease.

- 2 Too long, guilty wanderer, too long hast thou
been
In the broad road of ruin, in bondage to sin;
Thee the world has allured, and enslaved, and
deceived,
While my counsel thou spurned and my Spirit
hast grieved.
- 3 Though countless thy sins, and though crimson
thy guilt,
Yet for crime such as thine was my blood
freely spilt;
Come, sinner, and prove me; come, mourner,
and see
The wounds that I bore, when I suffered for
thee.
- 4 Thou doubt'st not my power, deny not my
will;
Come needy, come helpless, thy soul I will
fill;
My mercy is boundless; no sinner shall say
That he sued at my feet, but was driven away.

CHRISTIAN LYRE.

103.

II. 4.

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede ;
His all-redceming love,
His precious blood, to plead ;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary,
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me.
Forgive him, oh ! forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die !
- 4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed one ;
He can not turn away
The presence of His Son.
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me, I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear ;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

WESLEY.

NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain ;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundations slain ;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

- 2 Father, Thine everlasting grace
 Our scanty thought surpasses far ;
 Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
 Thy arms of love still open are
 Returning sinners to receive,
 That mercy they may taste, and live.
- 3 O love, thou bottomless abyss !
 My sins are swallowed up in Thee ;
 Covered is my unrighteousness ;
 Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
 While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
 Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.
- 4 By faith, I plunge me in this sea,
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest ;
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee ;
 I look into my Saviour's breast ;
 Away, sad doubt and anxious fear,
 Mercy is all that's written there.
- 5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
 Though strength, and health, and friends be
 gone,
 Though joys be withered all and dead,
 Though every comfort be withdrawn,
 On this my steadfast soul relies :
 Father, Thy mercy never dies.
- 6 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
 Though my heart fail, and flesh decay ;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away ;
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

105.

S. M.

Submission.

AH! whither should I go,
 Burdened, and sick, and faint;
 To whom should I my troubles show,
 And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come;
 Ah! why do I delay?
 He calls the weary sinner home,
 And yet from Him I stay.

3 What is it keeps me back,
 From which I can not part?
 Which will not let the Saviour take
 Possession of my heart?

4 Jesus! the hind'rance show,
 Which I have feared to see;
 And let me now consent to know
 What keeps me back from Thee.

5 Searcher of hearts, in mine
 Thy saving power display;
 Into its darkest corner shine
 And take the veil away.

WESLEY.

106.

C. M.

Yielding.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
 Our sin, how deep its stains!
 And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word:
 Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust a faithful Lord.
- 3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
 And runs to this relief:
 I would believe Thy promise, Lord!
 Oh! help my unbelief.
- 4 To the blessed fountain of Thy blood,
 Incarnate God, I fly;
 Here let me wash my guilty soul
 From crimes of deepest die.
- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 Into Thy arms I fall;
 Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
 My Saviour, and my all.

WATTS.

107.

S. M.

YES, the Redeemer's gone
 To appear before our God;
 To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
 With His atoning blood.

- 2 No fiery vengeance now,
 No burning wrath comes down;
 If justice calls for sinners' blood,
 The Saviour shows His own.
- 3 Before His Father's eye
 Our humble suit He moves;
 The Father lays His thunder by,
 And looks, and smiles, and loves.

- 4 Now may our joyful tongues
 Our Maker's honors sing ;
 Jesus, the priest, receives our songs,
 And bears them to the King.
- 5 We bow before His face,
 And sound His glories high •
 Hosanna to the God of grace,
 Who lays His thunders by.
- 6 On earth Thy mercy reigns,
 And triumphs all above :
 But, Lord ! how weak our mortal strains
 To speak immortal love !

WATTS.

108.

II. 1.

ORD, thou hast won, at length I yield ;
 / My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
 Surrenders all to Thee ;
 Against Thy terrors long I strove,
 But who can stand against Thy love ?
 Love conquers even me.

All that a wretch could do, I tried,
 Thy patience scorned, Thy power defied,
 And trampled on Thy laws ;
 Scarcely Thy martyrs at the stake,
 Could stand more steadfast for Thy sake,
 Than I in Satan's cause.

But since Thou hast Thy love revealed,
 And shown my soul a pardon sealed,
 I can resist no more ;
 Could'st Thou for such a sinner bleed ?
 Canst Thou for such a rebel plead ?
 I wonder and adore !

NEWTON.

109.

S. M.

MY former hopes are fled,
 My terror now begins ;
 I feel, alas ! that I am dead
 In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah ! whither shall I fly ?
 I hear the thunder roar ;
 The law proclaims destruction nigh,
 And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
 I dread impending doom :
 But sure a friendly whisper says,
 " Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I see, or think I see,
 A glimmering from afar ;
 A beam of day that shines for me
 To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the Sun,
 It marks the pilgrim's way ;
 I'll gaze upon it while I run,
 And watch the rising day.

COWPER.

110.

III. 5.

The Surrender.

WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
 Welcome to this heart of mine :
 Lord, I make a full surrender ;
 Every power and thought be Thine,
 Thine entirely,
 Through eternal ages Thine.

- 2 Known to all shall be Thy mansion,
 Earth and hell will disappear ;
 Or in vain attempt possession,
 When they find the Lord is near :
 Shout, O Zion !
 Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here !

111.

IV. 3.

Saved by Grace.

[N songs of sublime adoration and praise,
 Ye pilgrims for Zion who press,
 Break forth and extol the great Ancient of
 days,
 His rich and distinguishing grace.

- 2 His love, from eternity fixed upon you,
 Broke forth and discovered its flame,
 When each with the cords of His kindness
 He drew,
 And brought you to love His great name.
- 3 Oh ! had not He pitied the state you were in,
 Your bosoms His love had ne'er felt ;
 You all would have lived, would have died
 too in sin,
 And sunk with the load of your guilt.
- 4 What was there in you that could merit es-
 teem,
 Or give the Creator delight ?
 'Twas "Even so, Father," you ever must
 sing,
 "Because it seemed good in Thy sight."

5 'Twas all of Thy grace we were brought to
obey ;

While others were suffered to go
The road which by nature we chose as our
way,
That leads to the regions of wo.

6 Then give all the glory to His holy name,
To Him all the glory belongs ;
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth His
fame,
And crown Him in each of your songs.

VI. PRAYER.

112.

S. M.

BEHOLD the throne of grace !
 The promise calls me near ;
 There Jesus shows a smiling face,
 And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
 Which sprinkled round I see,
 Provides for those who come to God
 An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
 Thou canst not be too bold ;
 Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
 What else can He withhold ?

NEWTON.

113.

S. M.

THE praying spirit breathe,
 The watching power impart ;
 From all entanglements beneath
 Call off my anxious heart ;

2 My feeble mind sustain,
 By worldly thoughts oppressed ;
 Appear, and bid me turn again
 To my eternal rest.

3 Swift to my rescue come,
 Thine own this moment seize ,
 Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
 And keep in perfect peace.

4 Suffered no more to rove
 O'er all the earth abroad,
 Arrest the prisoner of Thy love,
 And shut me up in God.

WESLEY.

114.

III. 1.

• COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
 He Himself has bid thee pray,
 Rise and ask without delay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
 Large petitions with thee bring,
 For His grace and power are such,
 None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
 Lord, remove this load of sin
 Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
 Take possession of my breast ;
 There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.

- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let Thy love my spirit cheer ;
 As my guide, my guard, my friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.
- 6 Show me what I have to do,
 Every hour my strength renew ;
 Let me live a life of faith,
 Let me die Thy people's death.

NEWTON.

115.

III. 3.

JESUS, full of all compassion,
 Hear Thy humble suppliant's cry ;
 Let me know Thy great salvation,
 See, I languish, faint, and die.

- 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
 Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
 Prostrate at Thy feet repenting,
 Send, oh ! send me quick relief !

- 3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
 But to Him who comfort gives ?
 Whither, from the dread of dying,
 But to Him who ever lives ?

- 4 SAVED—the deed shall spread new glory
 Through the shining realms above ;
 Angels sing the pleasing story,
 All enraptured with Thy love.

TURNER.

116.

L.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
 In coming to a mercy-seat !
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
 But wishes to be often there ?

- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight—
 Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words ? Ah ! think again.
 Words flow apace when you complain,
 And fill your fellow-creature's ear
 With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
 To heaven in supplication sent,
 Your cheerful song would oftener be,
 "Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

COWE

117.

III

IN themselves as weak as worms,
 How can poor believers stand,
 When temptations, foes, and storms
 Press them close on every hand ?

2 Weak indeed they feel they are,
But they know the throne of grace;
And the God who answers prayer,
Helps them when they seek His face.

3 Though the Lord awhile delay,
Succor they at length obtain;
He who taught their hearts to pray,
Will not let them cry in vain.

4 Wrestling prayer can wonders do,
Bring relief in deepest straits;
Prayer can force a passage through
Iron bars and brazen gates.

NEWTON.

118.

C. M.

LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near:
We perish if we cease from prayer,
Oh! grant us power to pray;
And, when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

2 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and wo,
Fightings without, and fear within,
Lord, whither shall we go?
God of all grace, we come to Thee,
For broken, contrite hearts:
Give what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts.

3 Give deep humility—the sense
 Of godly sorrow give—
 A strong desiring confidence
 To see Thy face and live ;
 Faith in the only sacrifice
 That can for sin atone,
 To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
 On Christ—on Christ alone ;

4 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
 Though mercy long delay—
 Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
 And trust Thee, though Thou stay :
 Give these, and then Thy will be done ;
 Thus strengthened with all might,
 We by Thy Spirit, through Thy Son,
 Shall pray, and pray aright.

MONTGOMERY

119.

L. M.

SHOW pity, Lord ; O Lord ! forgive ;
 Let a repenting rebel live :
 Are not Thy mercies large and free ?
 May not a sinner trust in Thee ?

2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
 The power and glory of Thy grace :
 Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
 So let Thy pard'ning love be found.

3 Oh ! wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here, on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offenses pain my eyes.

- 4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
 Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
 Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
 I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
 I must pronounce Thee just, in death:
 And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

WATTS.

120.

L. M.

PRAYER was appointed to convey
 The blessings God designs to give:
 Long as they live should Christians pray,
 For only while they pray they live.

- 2 And shall we in dead silence lie,
 When Christ stands waiting for our prayer.
 My soul thou hast a Friend in heaven,
 Arise and try your interest there.
- 3 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress,
 If cares distract, or fears dismay,
 If guilt deject, or sins distress,
 The remedy's before thee—pray.
- 4 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak;
 Though thought be broken, language lame,
 Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,
 But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

HART.

121.

S. I

O THOU, that would'st not have
 One wretched sinner die,
 Who diedst Thyself my soul to save
 From endless misery !
 Show me the way to shun
 Thy dreadful wrath severe,
 That when Thou comest on Thy throne,
 I may with joy appear.

2 Thou art Thyself the way ;
 Thyself in me reveal ;
 So shall I spend my life's short day
 Obedient to Thy will :
 So shall I love my God,
 Because He first loved me,
 And praise Thee in Thy bright abode,
 To all eternity.

WES

122.

C

L ORD, at Thy feet in dust I lie,
 And knock at mercy's door ;
 With humble heart and weeping eye
 Thy favor I implore.

2 On me, O Lord ! do Thou display
 Thy rich, forgiving love ;
 Oh ! take my heinous guilt away,
 This heavy load remove.

- 3 Without Thy grace I sink oppressed
 Down to the gates of hell;
 Oh! give my troubled spirit rest,
 And all my fears dispel.
- 4 'Tis mercy, mercy, I implore;
 Oh! may Thy bowels move;
 Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
 And Thou Thyself art love.
- 5 Should I at last in heaven appear,
 To join Thy saints above,
 I'll shout that mercy brought me there
 And sing Thy bleeding love.

BROWN.

123.

PLEAD Thou, oh! plead my cause;
 Each self-excusing plea
 My trembling soul withdraws,
 And flies to Thee:
 When justice rears her throne,
 Ah! who, save Thee alone,
 May stand, O spotless one!
 Plead Thou my cause.

- 2 Ah! plead not aught of mine
 Before Thine altar thrown;
 Fragments—when all is Thine—
 All—all thine own:
 Thou see'st what stains they bear;
 Oh! since each tear, each prayer,
 Hath need of pardon there—
 Plead Thou my cause.

3 With lips that dying breathed
 Blessings for words of scorn ;
 With brow where I had wreathed
 The piercing thorn ;
 With breast to whose pure tide
 He did the weapon guide ;
 Who hath no home beside—
 Plead Thou my cause.

4 Plead when the tempter's art,
 To each fond hope of mine,
 Denies this faithless heart
 Can e'er be thine.
 If slander whisper, too,
 The sin I never knew,
 Thou who could'st urge the true—
 Plead Thou my cause.

5 Oh ! plead my cause above ;
 Plead Thine within my breast ;
 Till there, thy faithful Dove
 Shall build her nest.
 Thou know'st this will how frail,
 Thou know'st, though language fail,
 My soul's mysterious tale—
 Plead Thou my cause.

OH ! wond'rous power of faithful prayer,
 What tongue can tell the almighty grace !
 God's hands or bound or open are,
 As Moses or Elijah prays ;
Let Moses in the spirit groan,
And God cries out, " Let me alone !

- 2 "Let me alone, that all my wrath
 May rise, the wicked to consume !
 While justice hears thy praying faith,
 It can not seal the sinner's doom.
 My Son is in my servant's prayer,
 And Jesus pleads with me to spare."
- 3 Oh ! blessed word of Gospel grace,
 Which now we for our Israel plead,
 A faithless and backsliding race,
 Whom Thou hast out of Egypt freed :
 Oh ! do not, then, in wrath chastise,
 Nor let Thy whole displeasure rise.
- 4 Father, we ask in Jesus' name—
 In Jesus' power and spirit pray—
 Divert Thy vengeful thunder's aim,
 Oh ! turn Thy threatening wrath away ;
 Our guilt and punishment remove,
 And magnify Thy pardoning love.
- 5 Father, regard Thy pleading Son,
 Accept His all-availing prayer,
 And send a peaceful answer down,
 In honor of Thy Surety there,
 Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
 And speaks Thy rebels up to heaven.

WESLEY.

I LOVE to steal awhile away,
 From every cumbering care,
 And spend the hours of setting day
 In humble, grateful prayer.

- 2 I love in solitude to shed
 The penitential tear ;
 And all His promises to plead,
 When none but God is near.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore ;
 My cares and sorrows all to cast
 On Him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
 The prospect doth my strength renew,
 While here by tempests driven.
- 5 And when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day.

BROWNE.

126.

III. 1.

THEY who seek the throne of grace,
 Find that throne in every place ;
 If we live a life of prayer,
 God is present everywhere.

- 2 In our sickness and our health,
 In our want, and in our wealth,
 If we look to God in prayer,
 God is present everywhere.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
 When the woes of life prevail,
 'Tis the time for earnest prayer ;
 God is present everywhere.

- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To Thy Father come and wait ;
He will answer every prayer,
God is present everywhere.
-

127.

C. M.

THOU art my hiding-place, O Lord !
In Thee I fix my trust,
Encouraged by Thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust.

- 2 I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea,
And 'tis enough—the Saviour died,
The Saviour died for me.
- 3 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy seat,
My hope within the veil.
- 4 From strife of tongues and bitter words,
My Spirit flies to Thee ;
Joy to my heart the thought affords—
My Saviour died for me.
- 5 And when Thy awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away ;
- 6 Then, though it be in accents weak,
My voice shall call on Thee,
And ask for strength in death to speak—
“ My Saviour died for me.”

RAFFLES.

128.

L.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat;
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads,
 A place than all besides more sweet
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet
 Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Oh! may my hand forget her skill,
 My tongue be silent, cold, and still;
 This bounding heart forget to beat
 Ere I forget the mercy-seat.

5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
 And sin and sense molest no more;
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet
 While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

STOW.

129.

III

NAY! I will not let Thee go,
 Till a blessing Thou bestow;
 Do not turn away Thy face,
 Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

- 2 Once a sinner near despair,
Sought Thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free—
Lord! that mercy came to me.
- 3 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but Thou?
- 4 Thou hast helped in every need—
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst Thou let me sink at last?
- 5 No I must maintain my hold;
'Tis Thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

NEWTON.

130.

Prayer to the Trinity.

COME, Thou Almighty King!
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise.
Father! all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
 Gird on Thy mighty sword,
 Our prayer attend :
 Come, and Thy people bless,
 And give Thy word success,
 Spirit of holiness ;
 On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter !
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour !
 Thou who Almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power !

4 To the great Trinity
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore !
 His sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see
 And to eternity,
 Love and adore.

VII. PRAISE.

131.

II. 4.

REJOICE, the Lord is King ;
Your God and King adore :
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore ;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns
The God of truth and love ;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above ;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom can not fail—
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
The keys of earth and hell
Are to our Jesus given ;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet ;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

- 5 He all His foes shall quell,
 And all our sins destroy;
 Let every bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy;
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come,
 And take His servants up
 To their eternal home;
 We soon shall hear the arch-angel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound—rejoice!
- WESLEY.

132.

- PRAISE ye Jehovah's name,
 Praise through His courts proclaim,
 Rise and adore!
 High o'er the heavens above,
 Sound His great acts of love,
 While His rich grace we prove,
 Vast as His power.
- 2 Now let the trumpet raise
 Sounds of triumphant praise,
 Wide as His fame;
 Then let the harp be found,
 Organs with solemn sound,
 Roll your deep notes around,
 Filled with His name.
- 3 While His high praise you sing,
 Shake every sounding string;
 Sweet the accord!

He vital breath bestows,
 Let every breath that flows,
 His noblest fame disclose:
 Praise ye the Lord.

W. GOODE.

133.

II. 1.

[! could I speak the matchless worth,
 Oh! could I sound the glories forth,
 Which in my Saviour shine:
 I soar and touch the heavenly strings
 and vie with Gabriel while he sings
 In notes almost divine.

d sing the precious blood He spilt,
 y ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin and wrath divine:
 d sing His glorious righteousness,
 i which all-perfect heavenly dress,
 My soul shall ever shine.

d sing the characters He bears,
 nd all the forms of love He wears,
 Exalted on His throne;
 i loftiest songs of sweetest praise
 would to everlasting days
 Make all His glories known.

Tell, the delightful day will come
 hen my dear Lord will bring me home,
 And I shall see His face;
 hen with my Saviour, brother, friend,
 blest eternity I'll spend,
 Triumphant in His grace.

MEDLEY.

134.

L. M.

NOW let us join with hearts and tongues—
 And emulate the angels' song !
 Yea, sinners may address their King,
 In songs which angels can not sing.

2 They praise the Lamb which once was slain;
 But we can add a higher strain,
 Not only say, "He suffered thus,"
 But that "He suffered all for us."

3 Jesus who passed the angels by,
 Assumed our flesh to bleed and die,
 And still He makes it His abode—
 As Man he fills the throne of God.

4 Our next of kin our Brother now,
 Is He to whom the angels bow ;
 They join with us to praise His name,
 But we the nearest interest claim.

5 But ah ! how faint our praises rise ;
 Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies,
 That we who share His richest love
 So cold and unconcerned should prove.

6 O glorious hour ! it comes with speed,
 When we from sin and darkness freed,
 Shall see the God who died for man,
 And praise Him more than angels can.

135.

C. M.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay ;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire,
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled ;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky,
The impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high ;
Good will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die."

6 Hail, Prince of Life! forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

7 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And Glory leads the song :
Good will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious heavenly throng.

MEDLEY.

136.

C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him—Lord of all.

2 Crown Him ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from His altar call;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown Him—Lord of all.

3 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
 Whom David, Lord did call;
 The God incarnate! man divine!
 And crown Him—Lord of all.

4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall,
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him—Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him—Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him—Lord of all.

DUNBAR

137.

III. 1.

GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
 While Jehovah's praise we sing ;
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Be Thy glorious name adored.

- 2 Though unworthy, Lord, Thine ear
 Can our humble praises hear ;
 Purer praise we hope to bring,
 When with saints above we sing.
- 3 Lead us to that blissful state ;
 Where Thou reign'st supremely great,
 Look **with** pity from Thy throne,
 Send Thy Holy Spirit down.
- 4 While on earth ordained to stay,
 Guide our footsteps in the way,
 Till we come to reign with Thee,
 And Thy glorious greatness see.
- 5 Then in joyful songs of praise,
 We'll our grateful voices raise ;
 Lord, Thy mercies never fail ;
 Hail, Celestial Goodness, hail !

138.

C. M.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheering beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.

- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (oh! amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste He fled;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break!
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told!

WATTS.

139.

S. M.

- A** WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power:
Sing how He intercedes above,
For those whose sins He bore.
 - 3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,
 Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
 Sing on, rejoicing every day,
 In Christ, th' eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall we hear Him say,
 "Ye blessed children, come :"
 ' Soon will He call us hence away,
 And take His wanderers home.
- 6 Soon shall our raptured tongue
 His endless praise proclaim;
 And sweeter voices tune the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

HAMMOND.

140.

II. 4.

- O**N earth the song begins,
 In heaven more sweet, more loud,
 To Him that drowns our sins
 In His atoning blood;
 "To Him," they cry in rapturous strain,
 "Be honor, peace, and power—Amen!"
- 2 Ye saints on earth, repeat,
 What heaven with rapture owns;
 And while before His feet
 The elders cast their crowns,
 Go, imitate the choirs above,
 And tell the world your Saviour's love.

- 3 Sing as ye pass along—
 With joy and wonder sing,
 Till others learn the song,
 And own your Lord their King :
 Till converts join you, as ye go,
 And make a growing heaven below.
- 4 Inform the list'ning world
 How Jesus, when He fell,
 The powers of darkness hurled
 Down to the depths of hell ;
 And rising, bore the rescued prize,
 His Church, in triumph through the skies.
- 5 Our feeble minds are lost
 Beneath the lofty strain ;
 But Jordan's billows crossed,
 We'll catch the sound again,
 In praise assist the heavenly choir,
 Nor ever stop, nor ever tire.
-

141.

III. 4

- L**ET us love, and sing, and wonder ;
 Let us praise the Saviour's name :
 He has hushed the law's loud thunder,
 He has quenched Mount Sinai's flame ;
 He has washed us with His blood,
 He has brought us nigh to God.
- 2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,
 Dying for our rebel race ;
 Called us by His Word, and taught us
 By the Spirit of His grace :
 He has washed us with His blood,
 He presents our souls to God.

sing, though fierce temptation
eaten hard to bear us down ;
O Lord, our strong salvation,
Thou art in view the conq'ror's crown ;
Thou hast washed us with His blood,
Thou wilt bring us home to God.

praise, and join the chorus
Thy saints enthroned on high ;
They trusted Thee before us,
And their praises fill the sky :
Thou hast washed us with Thy blood ;
How art worthy, Lamb of God !”

NEWTON.

VIII. CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

WARFARE, TRIALS, HOPES.

142.

S. M.

URGE on your rapid course,
 Ye blood-besprinkled bands;
 The heavenly kingdom suffers force;
 'Tis seized by violent hands:
 See there the starry crown
 That glitters through the skies;
 Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,
 And take the glorious prize.

2 Through much distress and pain,
 Through many a conflict here,
 Through blood, ye must the entrance gain,
 Yet oh! disdain to fear:
 Courage, your Captain cries,
 (Who all your toil foreknew,)
 Toil ye shall have, yet all despise;
 I have o'ercome for you.

3 The world can not withstand
 Its ancient Conqueror;
 The world must sink beneath the Hand
 Which arms us for the war:

This is the victory—
 Before our faith they fall ;
 Jesus hath died for you and me ;
 Believe, and conquer all.

WESLEY.

143.

S. M.

ANGELS your march oppose
 Who still in strength excel,
 Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,
 Countless, invisible ;
 From thrones of glory driven,
 By flaming vengeance hurled,
 They throng the air, and darken heaven,
 And rule this lower world.

2 But shall believers fear ?
 But shall believers fly ?
 Or see the bloody cross appear,
 And all their powers defy ?
 By all hell's host withstood,
 We all hell's host o'erthrow ;
 And conquering them through Jesus' blood,
 We on to conquer go.

WESLEY.

144.

S. M.

OH ! may Thy powerful word
 Inspire a feeble worm
 To rush into Thy kingdom, Lord,
 And take it as by storm.

- 2 Oh ! may we all improve
 The grace already given,
 To seize the crown of perfect love,
 And scale the mount of heaven.

v

145.

TIS not too arduous an essay,
 To tread, resolved, the Gospel way
 The sensual nature to control,
 And warm with purer fire the soul.

- 2 Nature will raise up all her strife,
 Reluctant to the heavenly life ;
 Loth in a Saviour's death to share,
 Her daily cross compelled to bear.

- 3 But grace omnipotent at length
 Shall arm the saint with saving strength
 Through the sharp war with aids attend
 And his long conflict sweetly end.

- 4 Act but the infant's gentle part ;
 Give up to love thy willing heart ;
 No fondest parent's tender breast
 Yearns like thy God's to make thee blest

- 5 Thy sovereign Father, good and kind
 Wants but to have His child resigned
 Wants but thy yielded heart—no more
 Thee with His richest grace to store.

v

146.

C. M.

A M I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Shall I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face,
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord,
To bear the cross, endure the shame,
Supported by Thy word.

5 The saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

WATER.

147.

C. M.

YE glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu !
 A nobler choice be mine ;
 A real prize attracts my view,
 A treasure all divine.

2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
 Ye specious baits of sense ;
 Inestimable worth appears,
 'The pearl of price immense !

3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
 O name divinely sweet !
 Jesus in Thee, in Thee alone,
 Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.

4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
 Their boasted stores resign,
 With joy I would renounce them all,
 For leave to call Thee mine.

5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
 Of this dear gift possessed,
 I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
 And be forever blessed.

6 Dear Sovereign of my soul's desires,
 Thy love is bliss divine ;
 Accept the praise Thy grace inspires,
 Since I can call Thee mine !

STEELE.

148.

C. M.

JESUS! the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

ST. BERNARD.

149.

S. M.

MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh! watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor once at ease sit down ;
 Thy arduous work will not be done,
 Till thou hast got thy crown.

HEATH.

150.

L. M.

AND be it so, that till this hour
 We never knew what faith has meant ;
 Deceived by sin and Satan's power,
 Have never felt these hearts relent.

- 2 What shall we do ? Shall we lie down,
 Sink in despair, and groan, and die ?
 And rest beneath the Almighty's frown,
 Nor glance one cheerful hope on high ?

- 3 Forbid it, Saviour ! To Thy grace,
 As *sinner*s, strangers now we come !
 Among Thy saints we ask a place,
 For in Thy mercy there is room.

- 4 Lord, we believe. Oh ! chase away
 The gloomy clouds of unbelief.
 Lord, we repent. Oh ! let Thy ray
 Dissolve our hearts in sacred grief.

- 5 Now spread the banner of Thy love,
 And let us know that we are Thine ;
 Cheer us with blessings from above,
 With all the joys of hope divine.

SYMOK.

151.

L. M.

Contentment.

- O** THOU, by long experience tried,
 Near whom no grief can long abide,
 My Lord, with Thee, in sweet content,
 I pass my years of banishment.
- 2 All scenes alike engaging prove,
 To souls impressed with sacred love;
 Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee,
 In heaven, on earth, or on the sea
- 3 To me remains nor place nor time,
 My country is in ev'ry clime;
 I can be calm and free from care
 On any shore, since God is there.
- 4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
 The soul finds happiness in none;
 But with my God to guide my way,
 'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 5 Could I be cast where Thou art not,
 That were indeed a dreadful lot;
 But regions none remote I call,
 Secure of finding God in all.

GUION.

152.

C. M.

JESUS hath died that I might live,
 Might live to God alone;
 In Him eternal life receive;
And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank Thee for the grace,
 The gift unspeakable ;
 And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
 And all Thy love to feel.

3 Give me Thyself: from every boast,
 From every wish set free ;
 Let all I am in Thee be lost,
 But give Thyself to me.

4 Thy gifts, alas ! can not suffice,
 Unless Thyself be given ;
 Thy presence makes my paradise ;
 And where Thou art is heaven.

WESLEY.

153.

C. M.

OH ! for a faith that will not shrink,
 Though pressed by every foe,
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe !

2 That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chastening rod ;
 But in the hour of grief or pain
 Will lean upon its God ;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without ;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt ;

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
 Nor heeds its scornful smile ;
 That seas of trouble can not drown,
 Nor Satan's arts beguile ;

A faith that keeps this narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

Lord give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

154.

S. M.

IN true and patient hope,
My soul, on God attend;
And calmly, confidently look
Till He salvation send.

2 I shall His goodness see,
While on His name I call;
He will defend and strengthen me,
And I shall never fall.

3 Jesus, to Thee I fly,
My refuge and my tower;
Upon Thy faithful love rely,
And find Thy saving power.

4 Angels in bright attire
Conduct Him through the skies;
Darkness and tempest, smoke and fire,
Attend Him as He flies.

5 How awful is the sight!
How loud the thunders roar!
The sun forbears to give His light,
The stars are seen no more.

- 6 The whole creation groans ;
 But saints arise and sing ,
 They are the ransomed of the Lord,
 And He their God and King.

WESLEY.

155.

C. M.

FAR from the world, O Lord ! I flee,
 From strife and tumult far ;
 From scenes where Satan wages still
 His most successful war.
 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With prayer and praise agree ;
 And seem by Thy free bounty made
 For those who follow Thee.

- 2 There, if Thy spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode ;
 Oh ! with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God !
 There, like the nightingale, she pours
 Her solitary lays ;
 Nor asks a witness of her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.

- 3 Author and Guardian of my life !
 Sweet source of light divine,
 And—all harmonious names in one—
 My Saviour, Thou art mine !
 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love—
 A boundless, endless store,
 Shall echo through the realms above,
 When time shall be no more.

COWPER.

156.

L. M.

FOUNTAIN of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I, that is not in Thee ?
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.

2 Doth sickness fill the heart with fear ?
'Tis sweet to know that Thou art near ;
Am I with dread of justice tried ?
'Tis sweet to feel that Christ hath died.

3 In life Thy promises of aid,
Forbid my heart to be afraid ;
In death, peace gently veils the eyes ;
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

4 O all sufficient Saviour ! be
This all-sufficiency to me ;
Nor pain, nor sin, nor death can harm
The weakest, shielded by Thine arm.

COLLIER.

157.

III. 1.

CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground,
Christ, the spring of all my joy ;
Still in Thee let me be found,
Still for Thee my powers employ.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace !
Freely from Thy fullness give ;
Till I close my earthly race
Be it " Christ for me to live !"

- 3 Firmly trusting in Thy blood,
 Nothing shall my heart confound ;
 Safely I shall pass the flood,
 Safely reach Immanuel's ground.
- 4 When I touch the blessed shore,
 Back the closing waves shall roll ;
 Death's dark stream shall never more
 Part from Thee my ravished soul.
- 5 Thus, oh ! thus, an entrance give
 To the land of cloudless sky ;
 Having known it, " Christ to live,"
 Let me know it, " gain to die."

WINDHAM.

158.

II. 1.

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot ;
 How free from every anxious thought,
 From worldly hope and fear !
 Confined to neither court nor cell,
 His soul disdains on earth to dwell ;
 He only sojourns here.

- 2 This happiness in part is mine,
 Already saved from low design,
 From every creature-love ;
 Blest with scorn of finite good,
 My soul is lightened of its load,
 And seeks the things above.
- 3 There is my house and portion fair ;
 My treasure and my heart are there,
 And my abiding home ;

For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

- 4 I come, Thy servant, Lord, replies;
I come to meet Thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest;
Soon will the pilgrim's journey end;
Thou, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to Thy breast.

J. WESLEY.

159.

COME, let us ascend, my companion and
friend,

To taste of the banquet above;
If thy heart be as mine, if for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

- 2 We in Jesus confide, and are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath;
With the Prophet we soar to the heavenly
shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

- 3 By faith we are come to our permanent home;
By hope we the rapture improve;
By love we still rise, and look down on the
skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

- 4 What a rapturous song, when the glorified
throng,
In the spirit of harmony join !
Join all the glad choirs, hearts, voices and
lyres,
And the burden is mercy divine.
- 5 Hallelujah they cry to the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM,
To the Lamb that was slain, and that liveth
again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.

WESLEY.

160.

C. M.

- M**Y span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say ;
As length'ning shadows o'er the mead,
Proclaim the close of day.
- 2 Oh ! that my heart might dwell aloof
From all created things ;
And learn that wisdom from above,
Whence true contentment springs.
- 3 Courage, my soul, thy bitter cross,
In every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.
- 4 The sighing ones, that humbly seek
In sorrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice,
Where endless comforts flow.

- 5 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er,
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast ensnare.
- 6 Courage, my soul; on God rely;
Deliv'rance soon will come;
A thousand ways has providence
To bring believers home.

MRS. COWPER.

161.

S. M.

- JUST o'er the grave I hung;
No pardon met my eyes;
As blessings never greet the slain,
And hope shall never rise.
- 2 Sweet mercy to my soul
Revealed no charming ray;
Before me rose a long, dark night,
With no succeeding day.
- 3 I saw beyond the tomb,
The awful Judge appear,
Prepared to scan with strict account
My blessing wasted here.
- 4 His wrath, like flaming fire,
Burned to the lowest hell;
And in that hopeless world of woe
He bade my spirit dwell.
- 5 My friends, now friends no more,
At infinite remove,
Left me to gain their rich reward,
And taste forgiving love.

- 6 Then to the Lord I cried—
 He saved my soul from death;
 To Him I'll give my heart and hands,
 And consecrate my breath.

DWIGHT.

162.

III. 2.

JESUS lives, and so shall I;
 Death! thy sting is gone forever!
 He, who deigned for me to die,
 Lives, the bands of death to sever.
 He shall raise me with the just;
 Jesus is my hope forever.

- 2 Jesus lives, and by His grace
 Victory o'er my passions giving;
 I will cleanse my heart and ways,
 Ever to His glory living.
 The weak He raises from the dust;
 Jesus is my hope and trust.

- 3 Jesus lives, and I am sure
 Naught shall e'er from Jesus sever;
 Satan's wiles and Satan's power,
 Pain or pleasure—ye shall never!
 Christian armor can not rust;
 Jesus is my hope and trust.

- 4 Jesus lives, and death is now
 But my entrance into glory.
 Courage! then, my soul, for thou
 Hast a crown of life before thee!
 Thou shalt find thy hopes were just;
 Jesus is the Christian's trust.

GILLBERT.

163.

L. M.

SUN of my soul! Thou Saviour dear!
 It is not night if Thou be near;
 Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep,
 My wearied eye-lids gently steep,
 Be my last thought: How sweet to rest
 Forever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I can not live;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take;
 Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
 We lose ourselves, in heaven above.

KEBLE

164.

C. M.

GOD'S glory is a wondrous thing,
 Most strange in all its ways,
 And of all things on earth, least like
 What men agree to praise.

2 Oh! blessed is he to whom is given
 The instinct that can tell
 That God is on the field, when He
Is most invisible!

- 3 Workman of God, oh ! lose not heart,
 But learn what God is like ;
 And in the darkest battle-field
 Thou shalt know where to strike. -
- 4 And blessed is he who can divine
 Where real right doth lie,
 And dares to take the side that seems
 Wrong to man's blindfold eye.
- 5 Oh ! learn to scorn the praise of men.
 Oh ! learn to lose with God.
 For Jesus won the world through shame,
 And beckons thee His road.

LYRA CATH.

165.

HASTE, my dull soul, arise,
 Cast off thy care,
 Press to thy native skies,
 Mighty in prayer.
 Jesus has gone before,
 Count all thy troubles o'er,
 He who thy burden bore,
 Jesus is there.

- 2 Soul for the marriage feast
 Robe and prepare,
 Purenness becomes each guest ;
 Jesus is there.
 Saints, wave your victory palms,
 Chant your celestial psalms ;
 Bride of the Lamb, thy charms,
 Oh ! let us wear.

- 3 Heaven's bliss is perfect, pure,
Glory is there ;
Heaven's bliss is ever sure,
Thou art its heir.
What makes its joy complete ?
What makes its hymns so sweet ?
There our best Friend we'll meet,
Jesus is there. \
-

166.

II. 4.

- T**O God I lift my eyes,
From Him is all my aid,
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made ;
God is the tower to which I fly,
His grace is nigh in every hour.
- 2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears ;
Those wakeful eyes that never sleep,
Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there.
Thou art my sun and Thou my shade,
To guard my head by night or noon,

- 4 Hast thou not given thy word
 To save my soul from death ?
 And I can trust my Lord
 To keep my mortal breath :
 I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
 Till from on high Thou call me home.
 WATTS.

167.

- “**THY** will be done !” In devious way
 The hurrying stream of life may run ;
 Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
 “Thy will be done.”
- 2 “Thy will be done !” If o’er us shine
 A gladd’ning and a prosperous sun,
 This prayer will make it more divine—
 “Thy will be done !”
- 3 “Thy will be done !” Though shrouded o’er
 Our path with gloom, one comfort—one
 Is ours ; to breathe, while we adore,
 “Thy will be done !”

BOWRING

168.

- M**Y God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from my home on life’s rough way,
 Oh ! teach me from my heart to say,
 “Thy will be done.”

- 2 If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine!
“Thy will be done.”
- 3 E'en if again I ne'er should see
The friend more dear than life to me,
Ere long we both shall be with Thee—
“Thy will be done.”
- 4 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
“Thy will be done.”
- 5 If but my fainting heart be blest,
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest—
“Thy will be done.”
- 6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
“Thy will be done.”
- 7 Then when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
“Thy will be done.”
-

I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.

- 2 I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.
- 3 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er desert waste, and wild.
- 4 He found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.
- 5 He washed my filth away,
He made me clear and fair,
He brought me to my home in peace,
The long-sought wanderer.
- 6 Jesus my shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.
- 7 'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.
- 8 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love the Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.
- 9 I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

170.

III. 1.

WE are pilgrims on the earth,
Journeying onward from our birth,
Every hour and every breath
Bring us nearer still to death.

2 But beyond that vale of fears
Lies the land that knows no tears,
Where our steps no more may roam;
Brethren, we are going home!

3 Home to long-lost friends, and dear,
Who were missed and mourned for here;
Home to endless peace and love,
In our Father's house above!

4 Shall poor trifles by the way
Tempt our hearts or steps to stray
From the narrow path and straight,
Leading to the golden gate!

5 No, our faith hath One in view
Who was once a pilgrim too;
From His track we will not roam,
For to Christ we're going home.

171.

S. M.

[S this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse Eternal Love,
Whence all our blessings flow!

- 2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind !
What strange rebellious creature we !
And God as strangely kind !
- 3 Turn, turn us, mighty God !
And mould our souls afresh !
Break, Sov'reign Grace, these hearts of
stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.
- 4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes ;
And hourly as new mercies fall
Let hourly thanks arise.

WATTS.

172.

II. 6.

AH! I shall soon be dying—
Time swiftly glides away,
But on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day ;
The day when I shall enter
Upon a world unknown ;
My helpless soul I venture,
On Jesus Christ alone.

- 2 He once a spotless victim,
Upon Mount Calvary bled ;
Jehovah did afflict Him,
And bruise him in my stead ;
Hence all my hope arises,
Unworthy as I am,
My soul most surely prizes
The sin-atoning Lamb.

- 3 Soon with the saints in glory,
The grateful song I'll raise,
And chant my blissful story
In high seraphic lays ;
Free grace, redeeming merit,
And sanctifying love,
Of Father, Son, and Spirit,
I'll sing in realms above.
-

173.

III. 1.

DARKNESS overspreads us here,
But the night wears fast away,
Jacob's star will soon appear,
Leading on eternal day.

- 2 Now 'tis time to rouse from sleep,
Trim our lamps and stand prepared,
For our Lord strict watch to keep,
Lest He find us off our guard.
- 3 Though already saved by grace,
From the hour we first believed,
Yet while sin and war have place,
We have but a part received.
- 4 Still we for salvation wait,
Every hour it nearer comes ;
Death will break the prison gate,
And admit us to our homes.

174.

II. 3.

STRANGE and mysterious is my life.

What opposites I feel within !

A stable peace, a constant strife ;

The rule of grace, the power of sin :

Too often I am captive led,

Yet daily triumph in my Head.

2 I prize the privilege of prayer,

But oh ! what backwardness to pray !

Though on the Lord I cast my care,

I feel its burden every day ;

I seek His will in all I do,

Yet find my own is working too.

3 I call the promises my own,

And prize them more than mines of
gold ;

Yet though their sweetness I have known,

They leave me unimpressed and cold :

One hour upon the truth I feed,

The next I know not what I read.

4 I love the holy day of rest,

When Jesus meets His gathered saints ;

Sweet day, of all the week the best !

For its return my spirit pants ;

Yet often through my unbelief,

It proves a day of guilt and grief.

5 While on my Saviour I rely,

I know my foes shall lose their aim,

And therefore dare their power defy,

Assured of conquest through His name ;

But soon my confidence is slain,

And all my fears return again.

- 6 Thus different powers within me strive,
And grace and sin by turns prevail ;
I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive,
And victory hangs in doubtful scale :
But Jesus has His promise passed,
That grace shall overcome at last.

NEWTON.

175.

C. M.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to Thee,
No other help I know ;
If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,
Ah ! whither shall I go ?

- 2 What did Thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath !
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death !
- 3 O Jesus ! could I this believe,
I now should feel Thy power ;
Now my poor soul Thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes :
Oh ! let me now receive that gift ;
My soul without it dies.
- 5 Surely Thou canst not let me die ;
Oh ! speak, and I shall live ;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.

- 6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
 Could they but see Thy face:
 Oh! let me hear Thy quick'ning voice,
 And taste Thy pard'ning grace!

WILEY.

176.

L. M.

BESET with snares on every hand,
 In life's uncertain path I stand;
 Saviour, divine, diffuse Thy light,
 To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

- 2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
 To fix on Mary's better part;
 To scorn the trifles of a day,
 For joys that none can take away.

- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
 Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
 No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
 But all my treasures with me bear.

- 4 If Thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
 Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
 Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
 To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

DODDIDGE.

177.

II. 1.

THOU God of glorious majesty,
To Thee, against myself to Thee,
A worm of earth I cry;
A half-awakened child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.

2 Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand :
Yet how insensible.
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God ! my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress ;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me e'er it be too late—
Awake to righteousness.

4 Before me place in bright array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar ;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom.

5 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure ;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

- 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with Thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

WESLEY.

178.

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary !
Saviour divine !
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh ! let me, from this day,
Be wholly Thine.

- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh ! may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread.
Be Thou my guide :
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour ! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
Oh ! bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

PALMER.

179.

C. M.

OH ! could I find from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
Cheered by His staff and rod.

- 2 Lord, I desire with Thee to live
Anew from day to day ;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

- 3 O Jesus ! come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly Thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve Thy love divine.

- 4 Thus till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love Thee more.

180.

L. M

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
 And gird the Gospel armor on ;
 March to the gates of endless joy,
 Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course ;
 But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;
 Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
 And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
 Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
 There peace and joy eternal reign
 And glittering robes for conquerors wait

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
 And triumph in almighty grace,
 While all the armies of the skies
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

WATTS

181.

L. M

BY faith in Christ, I walk with God,
 With heaven, my journey's end, in view
 Supported by His staff and rod,
 My road is safe and pleasant too.

2 I travel through a desert wide,
 Where many round me blindly stray ;
 But He vouchsafes to be my guide,
 And will not let me miss my way.

- 3 Though snares and dangers throng my
path,
And earth and hell my course with-
stand,
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by His almighty hand.
- 4 The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares,
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my soul from want and cares.
- 5 With Him sweet converse I maintain,
Great as He is, I dare be free ;
I tell Him all my grief and pain,
And He reveals His love to me.

NEWTON.

182.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good ;
Only Jesus I'll pursue,
Who bought me with His blood ;
All thy pleasure I'll forego ;
I'll trample on thy wealth and pride ;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

- 2 Other knowledge I disdain ;
'Tis all but vanity :
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me !

Me to save from endless woe,
 The sin-atoning victim died ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

- 3 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end :
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend ;
 Daily in His grace to grow,
 And ever to abide ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified !

TOPLADY

183.

L. M.

The Soul athirst for God.

I THIRST, but not as once I did,
 The vain delights of earth to share ;
 Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid
 That I should seek my pleasure there.

- 2 It was the sight of Thy dear cross
 First weaned my soul from earthly things ;
 And taught me to esteem as dross
 The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.

- 3 I want that grace that springs from Thee,
 That quickens all things where it flows,
 And makes a wretched thorn like me,
Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.

- 4 For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to His care,
Or yields Him meaner fruit than I.

COWPER.

184.

C. M.

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas ! what numbers do !)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too ?"

- 2 Ah ! Lord ! with such a heart as mine,
Unless Thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

- 3 Yet Thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me :
To whom or whither could I go,
If I should turn from Thee ?

- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assured
Thou art the Christ of God ;
Who hast eternal life secured
By promise and by blood.

- 5 No voice but Thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart ;
No love but Thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

- 6 What anguish has this question stirred,
 If I will also go?
 Yet, Lord, relying on Thy word,
 I humbly answer, no!

NEWTON.

185.

C. M.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High Priest above;
 His heart is made of tenderness,
 His bowels melt with love.

- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For He hath felt the same.

- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh,
 Poured out strong cries and tears,
 And in His measure feels afresh,
 What every member bears.

- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame;
 The bruised reed He never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.

- 5 Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and His power;
 We shall obtain delivering grace
 In the distressing hour.

WATTS.

186.

C. M.

HOW vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair !
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare:

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light ;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God !

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense !
Thither the warm affections move
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let Thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food ;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

WATTS.

187.

L. M.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there ;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

- 2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

WATTS.

188.

IV. 2.

A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing,
Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on,
My person and off'rings to bring;
The terrors of law and of God,
With me can have nothing to do,
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

- 2 The work which His goodness began,
The arm of His strength will complete,
His promise is yea and amen,
And never was forfeited yet;
Things future, or things that are now,
Not all things below or above,
Can make Him His purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from His love.

- 1 My name from the palms of His hands,
 Eternity will not erase;
 Impressed on His heart it remains,
 In marks of indelible grace;
 Yes, I to the end shall endure,
 As sure as the earnest is given,
 More happy, but not more secure,
 The glorified spirits in heaven.

TOPLADY.

189.

S. M.

- COMMIT thou all thy griefs
 And ways into His hands,
 To His sure trust and tender care,
 Who earth and heaven commands :
- 2 Who 'points the clouds their course,
 Whom winds and seas obey;
 He shall direct thy wandering feet,
 He shall prepare thy way.
- 3 Thou on the Lord rely,
 So safe shalt thou go on;
 Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
 So shall thy work be done.
- 4 No profit canst thou gain
 By self-consuming care;
 To Him commend thy cause, His ear
 Attends thy feeblest prayer.
- 5 Father, Thy knowledge deep
 And high—Thy ceaseless love—
 Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
 What best for each will prove.

WESLEY.

190.

C

OH! that I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before His face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell Him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays and comfort dies,
And lives my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for His own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 Arise my soul from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls me to His throne of grace,
To spread my sorrows there.

WA

191.

L.

MY hope, my all, my Saviour Thou!
To Thee, lo! now my soul I bow;
I feel the bliss Thy wounds impart,
I find Thee, Saviour, in my heart.

2 Be Thou my strength, be Thou my way,
Protect me through my life's short day;
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near Thy side.

- 3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me ;
As I have need, my Saviour be ;
And if I would from Thee depart,
Then clasp me, Saviour, to Thy heart.
- 4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power ;
Tear every idol from Thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.
- 5 My suff'ring time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more ;
My ransomed soul shall soar away,
To sing Thy praise in endless day.

WESLEY

192.

L. M.

- I ASKED the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace ;
Might more of His salvation know,
And seek more earnestly His face.
- 2 'Twas He who taught me thus to pray,
And He, I trust, has answered prayer !
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hoped that in some favored hour,
At once He'd answer my request,
And by His love's constraining power
Subdue my sins and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart ;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.

5 Yea, more, with His own hand He seemed
 Intent to aggravate my woe;
 Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
 Blasted my hopes and laid me low.

6 Lord, why is this? I trembling cried;
 Wilt Thou pursue Thy worm to death?
 "'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
 "I answer prayer for grace and faith.

7 "These inward trials I employ,
 From self and pride to set thee free;
 And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
 That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

NEWTON.

193.

L. M.

I SEND the joys of earth away;
 Away, ye tempters of the mind;
 False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
 And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along,
 Down to the gulf of black despair:
 And whilst I listened to your song,
 Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore Thy matchless grace,
 That warned me of that dark abyss,
 That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
 And bade me seek superior bliss.

- 4 Now, to the shining realms above,
 I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes;
 Oh! for the pinions of a dove,
 To bear me to the upper skies.

WATTS.

194.

L. M.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone;
 He whom I fix my hopes upon;
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way till Him I view.

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
 The road that leads from banishment;
 The King's highway of holiness
 I'll go, for all His paths are peace.

- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourned because I found it not;
 My grief my burden long has been,
 Because I could not cease from sin.

- 4 The more I strove against its power,
 I felt its weight and guilt the more;
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 "Come, hither soul, *I am the way.*"

- 5 Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blessed Lamb,
 Shall take me to Thee, whose I am;
 Nothing but sin have I to give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive.

CENNICK.

195.

L. M.

SO let our lips and lives express
 The holy Gospel we profess ;
 So let our works and virtues shine,
 To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
 The honors of our Saviour God ;
 When His salvation reigns within,
 And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied ;
 Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
 While justice, temperance, and love,
 Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
 While we expect that blessed hope,
 The bright appearance of the Lord,
 And faith stands leaning on His word.

WATTS.

196.

C. M.

FROM pole to pole let others roam,
 And search in vain for bliss ;
 My soul is satisfied at home,
 The Lord my portion is.

2 Jesus, who, on His glorious throne,
 Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
 Is pleased to claim me for His own,
 And give Himself to me.

3 His person fixes all my love,
 His blood removes my fear;
 And while He pleads for me above
 His arm preserves me here.

4 His word of promise is my food,
 His Spirit is my guide;
 Thus daily is my strength renewed,
 And all my wants supplied.

5 For Him I count as gain each loss;
 Disgrace, for Him, renown;
 Well may I glory in my cross,
 While He prepares my crown.

NEWTON.

197.

C. M.

Love to Christ.

DO not I love Thee, O my Lord?
 Behold my heart, and see;
 And turn each hateful idol out,
 That dares to rival Thee.

2 Do not I love Thee, from my soul?
 Then let me nothing love:
 Dead be my heart to every joy
 Which Thou dost not approve.

3 Is not Thy name melodious still
 To mine attentive ear?
 Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat
 My Saviour's voice to hear.

- 4 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock,
 I would disdain to feed?
 Hast Thou a foe before whose face
 I fear Thy cause to plead?
- 5 Would not my heart pour forth its blood,
 In honor of Thy name,
 And challenge the cold hand of death,
 To damp th' immortal flame?
- 6 Thou knowest I love Thee, dearest Lord,
 But oh! I long to soar
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
 That I may love Thee more.

DODDRIDGE.

198.

IV. 2.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see;
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
 flowers
 Have all lost their sweetness for me;
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 But when I am happy in Him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music His voice;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice.
 I should, were He always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;
 No mortal so happy as I,
 My summer would last all the year.

- 3 Content with beholding His face,
 My all to His pleasure resigned,
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind :
 While blessed with a sense of His love,
 A palace a toy would appear ;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
 If Thou art my sun and my song,
 Say why do I languish and pine,
 And why are my winters so long ?
 Oh ! drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
 Or take me up to Thee on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.
- NEWTON.

199.

III. 5.

- O MY soul, what means this sadness ?
 Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?
 Let thy grief be turned to gladness ;
 Bid thy restless fears begone ;
 Look to Jesus,
 And rejoice in His dear name.
- 2 What though Satan's strong temptations
 Vex and grieve thee day by day ;
 And thy sinful inclinations
 Often fill thee with dismay :
 Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

- 3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
 From without and from within,
 Jesus saith He'll ne'er forget thee,
 But will save from hell and sin :
 He is faithful
 To perform His gracious word.
- 4 Though distresses now attend thee,
 And thou tread'st the thorny road ;
 His right hand shall still defend thee—
 Soon He'll bring thee home to God !
 Therefore praise Him—
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.
- 5 Oh ! that I could now adore Him,
 Like the heavenly host above,
 Who forever bow before Him,
 And unceasing sing His love !
 Happy songsters !
 When shall I your chorus join ?

FAWCETT.

200.

C. M.

AND can my heart aspire so high
 To say, "My Father, God?"
 Lord, at Thy feet I fain would lie,
 And learn to kiss the rod.

- 2 I would submit to all Thy will,
 For Thou art good and wise ;
 Let ev'ry anxious thought be still,
 And not a murmur rise.

- 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
 And bid me wait serene,
 Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
 And heighten all the scene.
- 4 "My Father," oh! permit my heart
 To plead its humble claim,
 And ask the bliss those words impart,
 In my Redeemer's name.

/ STEELE.

201.

C. M.

- L**ORD, I believe a rest remains
 To all Thy people known;
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And Thou art loved alone:
- 2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
 Is fixed on things above,
 Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
 Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 Oh! that I now the rest might know,
 Believe and enter in!
 Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
 And let me cease from sin!
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
 This unbelief remove:
 To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of Thy love.

5 I would be Thine, Thou know'st I would,
And have Thee all my own ;
Thee, O my all sufficient good !
I want, and Thee alone.

6 Thy name to me, Thy nature grant !
This, only this, be given :
Nothing besides my God I want ;
Nothing in earth or heaven.

7 Come, O my Saviour ! come away,
Into my soul descend ;
No longer from Thy creature stay,
My author and my end.

8 The bliss Thou hast for me prepared,
No longer be delayed,
Come, my exceeding great reward,
For whom I first was made.

9 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me Thine abode ;
Let all I am in Thee be lost ;
Let all be lost in God.

WESLEY.

202.

C. M.

MY soul would fain indulge a hope
To reach the heavenly shore ;
And when I drop this dying flesh,
Then I shall sin no more.

- 2 I hope to hear and join the song
 That saints and angels raise;
 And while eternal ages roll,
 To sing eternal praise.
- 3 But oh! this dreadful heart of sin!
 It may deceive me still;
 And while I look for joys above,
 May plunge me down to hell.
- 4 The scene must then forever close,
 Probation at an end;
 No gospel grace can reach me there,
 No pardon there descend.
- 5 Come, then, O blessed Jesus! come;
 To me Thy Spirit give;
 Shine through a dark, benighted soul,
 And bid a sinner live.
-

203.

III. 1.

Recovery from Backsliding.

DEPTH of mercy, can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God His wrath forbear?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

- 2 I have long withstood His grace,
 Long provoked Him to His face;
 Would not hearken to His calls,
 Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

- 3 Kindled His relentings are,
 Me He now delights to spare ;
 Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands,
 Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands :
 God is love ! I know, I feel,
 Jesus weeps and loves me still.
- 5 Jesus, answer from above—
 Justice lingers into love ;
 Wilt Thou then the wrong forget ?
 Suffer me to kiss Thy feet ?
- 6 Now incline me to repent !
 Let me now my fall lament !
 Now my foul revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

WESLEY.

204.

IV. 3.

- O THOU, in whose presence my soul takes
 delight,
 On whom in affliction I call ;
 My comfort by day, and my song in the
 night,
 My hope, my salvation, my all :
- 2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with Thy
 sheep,
 To feed on the pastures of love ?
 Say why in the valley of death should I weep,
 Or alone in the wilderness rove ?

- 3 Oh! why should I wander an alien from Thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they
see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with His flock He has gone?
- 5 This is my beloved, His form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around,
The locks on His head are as grapes on the
vine;
When autumn with plenty is crowned.
- 6 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet
Is heard through the shadow of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at His feet,
The air is perfumed with His breath.
- 7 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the gardens of grace,
From which their salvation the Gentiles may
know,
And bask in the smiles of His face.
- 8 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for His word:
He speaks, and eternity, filled with His voice,
Reechoes the praise of the Lord.

205.

III. 3.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe ;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

3 Here I'll sit forever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood ;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

4 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix my heart and eyes on Thine,
Till I taste Thy whole salvation,
Where unveiled Thy glories shine.

5 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
Here I see my sins forgiven,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go ;
Prove His blood each day more healing,
And Himself more deeply know.

BRYDGES

206.

III. 2.

The Christian Soldier.

SOLDIER, go, but not to claim
Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure ;
Not to build a vaunting name,
Not to dwell in tents of pleasure.
Dream not that the way is smooth,
Hope not that the thorns are roses,
Turn no wishful eye of youth
Where the sunny beam reposes.
Thou hast sterner work to do,
Hosts to cut thy passage through.
Close behind thee gulfs are burning,
Forward then ! there's no returning.

2 Soldier, rest, but not for thee
Spreads the world her downy pillow,
On the rocks thy couch must be,
While around thee chafes the billow.
Thine must be a watchful sleep ;
Warier than another's waking.
Such a charge as thou must keep,
Brooks no moment of forsaking.
Sleep as on the battle-field,
Girded—grasping sword and shield ;
Those thou canst not name nor number,
Steal upon thy broken slumber.

3 Soldier, rise, the war is done.
Lo ! the hosts of hell are flying.
'Twas thy Lord the battle won,
Jesus vanquished them by dying.
Pass the stream—before thee lies
All the conquered land of glory.

Hark ! what songs of rapture rise ;
These proclaim the victor's story.
Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
Quit the sword and take the crown.
Triumph ! all thy foes are banished,
Death is slain and earth is vanished.

IX. SANCTIFICATION.

207.

L. M.

- O** GOD ! most merciful and true,
 Thy nature to my soul impart ;
 'Stablish with me the covenant new,
 And stamp Thine image on my heart.
- 2** To real holiness restored,
 Oh ! let me gain my Saviour's mind,
 And in the knowledge of my Lord,
 Fullness of life eternal find.
- 3** Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
 That them I may no more forget ;
 But, sunk in guiltless shame, adore
 With speechless wonder at Thy feet.
- 4** O'erwhelmed with Thy stupendous grace
 I shall not in Thy presence move,
 But breathe unutterable praise,
 And rapturous awe, and silent love.
- 5** Then every murmuring thought and vain
 Expires, in sweet confusion lost ;
 I can not of my cross complain,
I can not of my goodness boast.

- 6 Pardoned for all that I have done,
 My mouth as in the dust I hide;
 And glory give to God alone,
 My God forever pacified.

WESLEY.

208.

L. M.

JESUS, Thy heavenly grace impart,
 And fix my frail, inconstant heart,
 That so my chief desire may be
 To dedicate myself to Thee.

- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
 Grant that this thought may give me joy:
 Thou, Lord, hast apprehended me,
 And turned my wayward heart to Thee.

- 3 Renouncing every worldly thing,
 Beneath the covert of Thy wing,
 May this my constant feeling be,
 That all I want I find in Thee.

209.

C.M.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,
 Close to Thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope, and all my plea,
 For me the Saviour died.

- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art:
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve:
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

WESLEY.

210.

C. M.

- O H! for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood
So freely shed for me.
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine ;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
 A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
 Come quickly from above ;
 Write Thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of Love.

WESLEY

211.

L. M.

O JESUS! let Thy dying cry
 Pierce to the bottom of my heart ;
 Its evils cure, its wants supply,
 And bid my unbelief depart !

2 Slay the dire root and seed of sin ;
 Prepare for Thee the holiest place ;
 Then, O essential Love! come in,
 And fill Thy house with endless praise.

3 Let me, according to Thy word,
 A tender, contrite heart receive,
 Which grieves at having grieved its Lord,
 And never can itself forgive :

4 A heart Thy joys and griefs to feel,
 A heart that can not faithless prove ;
 A heart where Christ alone may dwell,
 All praise, all meekness, and all love.

WESLEY

212.

L. M.

HOW blest the state of saints above,
Perfect in righteousness and love,
Where all is purity and peace,
And holy joys which never cease !

2 There reigns the Lord whom we adore,
Glorious in holiness and power,
Arrayed in majesty so bright,
No mortal eye could bear the sight.

3 Know, O my soul ! that blissful scene
Can ne'er admit a mind unclean :
None but the holy shall appear,
And see the Lord in comfort there.

4 Our Saviour, by a heavenly birth,
Calls us to holiness on earth ;
Bids us from paths of sin to fly,
And seek the joys above the sky.

5 We must have holy hearts and hands,
And feet that go where He commands ;
A holy will to keep His ways,
And holy lips to speak His praise.

6 Then let our first, our chief pursuit
Be holiness, in all its fruit ;
Oh ! seek it in the Saviour's grace,
And thus prepare to see His face.

Hymn.

213.

L. M.

HOLY Lord God, I love Thy truth,
 Nor dare Thy least commandment slight;
 Yet pierced by sin, the serpent's tooth,
 I mourn the anguish of the bite.

2 But though the poison lurks within,
 Hope bids me still with patience wait,
 Till death shall set me free from sin,
 Free from the thing I so much hate.

3 Had I a throne above the rest,
 Where angels and archangels dwell,
 One sin unslain within my breast,
 Would make that heaven as dark as hell.

4 The prisoner sent to breathe fresh air,
 And blessed with liberty again,
 Would mourn, were he condemned to wear
 One link of all his former chain.

5 But oh ! no foe invades the bliss,
 When glory crowns the Christian's head ;
 One view of Jesus as he is,
 Will strike all sin forever dead.

COWPER.

214.

H. 3.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
 Whose depths, unfathomed, no man knows ;
 I see from far Thy beauteous light,
 And inly sigh for Thy repose :
 My heart is pained, nor can it be
 At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free
When it has found its all in Thee.

Oh! crucify this self, that I
No more, but Christ in me may live;
Bid all my vile affections die,
Nor let one hasteful lust survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Or aught desire or seek but Thee.

Lord, draw my heart from earth away,
And make it only know Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am Thy own, Thy God, Thine all;
Oh! dwell in me, fill all my soul,
And all my powers by grace control.

WESLEY.

215.

III. 3.

LOVE Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

2 Breathe, oh ! breathe Thy loving spirit
 Into every troubled breast !
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find Thy promised rest.
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thine host above ;
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy boundless love.

3 Finish, then, Thy new creation ;
 Pure, unspotted, may we be ;
 Let us see our whole salvation,
 Perfectly secured in Thee.
 Change from glory unto glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place ;
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

WHITEFIELD

216.

L. M.

The Request.

GIVE me Thy love, I ask no more,
 This Thy bright glory I adore ;
 In flame me with this sacred fire,
 The source of chaste, divine desire.

2 O Thou bright flame ! Thou radiant light,
 Strong and resistless is Thy might ;
 Sweet is Thine influence and power,
 As the cool dew or quickening shower.

3 Each view or glimpse of Thy bright throne,
 Renders my soul no more its own ;
 How sweetly is my drop devoured,
 When into Thy wide ocean poured.

- 4 O pleasing death ! thus to expire,
Is not to fall but to rise higher ;
Of a poor atom to be all
Pure, bright, sublime, angelical.

THOMAS A KEMPTIS.

217.

III. 1.

WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to Thee ?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in Thy wisdom wise ?

- 2 Only Thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below ?
Only guided by Thy light ?
Only mighty in Thy might ?

- 3 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness ;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

WESLEY.

218.

III. 2.

CENTRE of our hopes Thou art,
End of our enlarged desires ;
Stamp Thine image on our heart,
Fill us now with heavenly fires ;
Joined to Thee by love divine,
Seal our souls forever Thine.

2 All our works in Thee be wrought—
 Leveled at one common aim;
 Every word and every thought
 Purge in the refining flame;
 Lead us through the paths of peace,
 On to perfect holiness.

3 Let us altogether rise
 To Thy glorious life restored;
 Here regain our Paradise,
 Here prepare to meet our Lord;
 Here enjoy the earnest given;
 Travel hand in hand to heaven.

WESLEY.

219.

C. M.

L ORD, fix a principle within
 Of jealous godly fear,
 A sensibility to sin,
 A pain to feel it near;
 I want the first approach to feel,
 Of pride or fond desire,
 To catch the wandering of my will,
 And quench the kindling fire.

2 That I from Thee no more may part,
 No more Thy Spirit grieve,
 The filial awe, the fleshy heart,
 The tender conscience give;
 Quick as the apple of an eye,
 O God! my conscience make;
 Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake.

- 3 If to the right or left I stray,
 That moment, Lord, reprove,
 And bring me back into the way
 From which I dared to move;
 Oh! may the least omission pain
 My well-instructed soul,
 And drive me to that blood again
 Which makes the wounded whole.

220.

L. M.

- J**ESUS, Thy boundless love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
 Oh! knit my thankful heart to Thee,
 And reign without a rival there:
 Thine, wholly Thine, alone I am,
 Be Thou alone my constant flame.
- 2 Oh! grant that nothing in my soul
 May dwell, but Thy pure love alone;
 Oh! may Thy love possess me whole,
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
 Strange flames far from my heart remove,
 My every act, word, thought, be love.
- 3 Unwearied may I this pursue;
 Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
 Hourly within my soul renew
 This holy flame, this heavenly fire:
 And day and night, be all my care
 To guard the sacred treasure there.
- 4 In suffering be Thy love my peace;
 In weakness be Thy love my power;
 And when the storm of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that important hour,
 In death, as life, be Thou my guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died.

WESLEY.

X. MISSIONS.

221.

L. M.

YE Christian heralds, go proclaim
 Salvation in Immanuel's name;
 To distant climes the tidings bear,
 And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
 With holy zeal your hearts inspire;
 Bid raging winds their fury cease,
 And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
 Then shall we meet to part no more;
 Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,
 And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

222.

WATCHMEN, onward to your stations,
 Blow the trumpet long and loud;
 Preach the Gospel to the nations,
 Speak to every gathering crowd.
 See the day is breaking,
 See the saints awaking,
 No more in sadness bowed.

- 2 Watchmen, hail the rising glory,
 Of the great Messiah's reign;
 Tell the Saviour's bleeding story,
 Tell it to the list'ning train.
 See His love revealing,
 See the Spirit sealing:
 'Tis life among the slain.
- 3 Watchmen, as the clouds are flying,
 As the doves in haste return;
 Thousands from amid the dying,
 Flee to Christ His love to learn.
 All their sighs and sadness
 Turn to joy and gladness,
 When they His grace discern.

223.

C. M.

- O**H! may the great Redeemer's name
 Through every clime be known;
 And heathen gods forsaken fall,
 And Jesus reign alone.
- 2 Heralds of peace, we come, we come,
 On love's swift wings we fly;
 Ye dead in sin, oh! live—ye dumb,
 In hallelujahs cry.
- 3 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
 May Jesus be adored;
 And earth with all her millions shout,
 Hosanna to the Lord.

224.

C. M.

THE Son of God is gone to war,
 A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?

- 2 Who best can drink His cup of woe,
And triumph over pain ;
Who boldest bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.
- 3 A glorious band the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came ;
Twelve warrior-saints, the truth they knew,
And braved the cross and flame.
- 4 They climbed the dizzy steep of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and flame ;
O God ! to us may grace be given
To follow in His train.

HEBER.

225.

III. 1.

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation every clime,
Shall the Gospel call obey.

- 2 Mightest kings His power shall own,
Heathen tribes His name adore ;
Satan and his hosts o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
- 3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain ;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.
- 4 Bless we then our gracious Lord,
Ever praise His glorious name !
All His mighty acts record,
All His wondrous love proclaim.

LUTHER.

226.

III. 5.

SONGS anew of honor framing,
Sing ye to the Lord alone,
All His wondrous works proclaiming,
Jesus wondrous works hath done.
Glorious victory
His right hand and arm hath won.

- 2 Now He bids His great salvation
Through the heathen lands be told :
Tidings spread through every nation,
And His acts of grace unfold !
All the heathen
Shall His righteousness behold.
-

227.

III. 5.

WHO can tell what notes of sadness
From the hills and valleys rise,
Where no messages of gladness
Echo from the bending skies ?
Where in darkness,
Without hope, the sinner dies ?

- 2 Oh ! how desolate the dwelling,
Where our God is not revered ;
Where no song of praise is swelling,
Nor the voice of prayer is heard ;
Where religion's
Cheering rays have disappeared.
- 3 Where the seeds of sin are growing,
And the paths of folly lie,
Where the streams of death are flowing,
With destruction ever nigh,
Bid the Gospel
Wave its glorious banners high.

228.

L. M.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake !
 Put on Thy strength ! the nations shake !
 And let the world adoring see,
 Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne—
 I am Jehovah—God alone !
 Thy voice their idols shall confound,
 And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Almighty God ! Thy grace proclaim,
 In every land, of every name ;
 Let Zion's time of favor come ;
 Oh ! bring the tribes of Israel home.

4 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake !
 Put on Thy strength ! the nations shake !
 Let hostile powers before Thee fall,
 And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

WESLEY.

229.

III. 5.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;
 See the promises advancing
 To a glorious day of grace.
 Blessed jubilee,
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,
 Let the rude barbarian see
 That divine and glorious conquest,
 Once obtained on Calvary.
 Let the Gospel
 Loud resound, from pole to pole.

Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
 Now, from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night:
 Let Redemption
 Freely purchased win the day.

Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
 Win and conquer—never cease:
 May thy lasting, wide dominions
 Multiply, and still increase:
 Sway Thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around.

230.

S. M.

ESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
 In glorious strength arrayed;
 His kingdom over all maintains,
 And bids the earth be glad!
 Ye sons of men, rejoice
 In Jesus' mighty love;
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 To Him who rules above.

Extol His kingly power,
 Kiss the exalted Son,
 Who died, and lives to die no more,
 High on His Father's throne:
 Our Advocate with God,
 He undertakes our cause,
 He spreads through all the earth abroad
 The victory of His cross.

The world can not withstand
 Its ancient Conqueror;
 The world must sink beneath the hand
 Which arms us for the war:

This is the victory,
 Before our faith they fall;
 Jesus hath died for you and me:
 Believe and conquer all!

WESLEY.

231.

III. 1.

HARK! the song of jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar;
 Or the fullness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore.

2 Hallelujah! for the Lord
 God Omnipotent shall reign:
 Hallelujah! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

3 See Jehovah's banners furled,
 Sheathed His sword: He speaks—'tis
 done;
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.

4 He shall reign from pole to pole,
 With illimitable sway;
 He shall reign when like a scroll
 Yonder heavens have passed away.

5 Then the end: beneath His rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall:
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all.

MONTGOMERY.

232.

L. M.

MARKED as the purpose of the skies,
 This promise meets our anxious eyes,
 That heathen lands the Lord shall know,
 And, warm with faith, each bosom glow.

! E'en now the hallowed scenes appear;
 E'en now unfolds the promised year;
 Lo! distant shores Thy heralds trace,
 And swell the tidings of thy grace.

'Mid burning climes and frozen plains,
 Where pagan darkness brooding reigns,
 Oh! mark their steps, their fears subdue,
 And nerve their arm and clear their view.

When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,
 Bid them the glorious future hail;
 Bid them the crown of life survey,
 And onward urge in faith their way.

O Lord! amid this gloomy night,
 Appear to bless our aching sight;
 Turn Thou our darkness into day;
 Let every nation own Thy sway.

NOEL.

233.

III. 1.

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are!
 Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height
 See that glory-beaming star!
 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?
 Traveller! yes; it brings the day—
 Promised day of Israel!

2 Watchman! tell us of the night;
 Higher yet that star ascends.
 Traveller! blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends.
 Watchman! will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Traveller! ages are its own:
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

- 3 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn ;
 Traveller ! darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman ! let thy wand'ring cease ;
 Haste thee to thy quiet home.
 Traveller ! lo ! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo ! the Son of God is come !

BOWEN

XI. DEATH.

234.

S. M.

- A**ND am I born to die?
To lay this body down,
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown;
A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought,
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot?
- 2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be.
Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise;
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.
- 3 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?
Will angel hands convey
Their brother to the bar,
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there?

- 4 Who can resolve the doubt
 That tears my anxious breast?
 Shall I be with the damned cast out,
 Or numbered with the blest?
 I must from God be driven,
 Or with my Saviour dwell;
 Must come at His command to heaven,
 Or else depart to hell.

WESLEY.

235.

II. 1.

MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
 Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
 Around the steady pole:
 Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
 And I must launch through endless deeps,
 Where endless ages roll.

- 2 The grave is near the cradle seen;
 How swift the moments pass between,
 And whisper as they fly—
 Unthinking man, remember this,
 Thou, midst Thy sublunary bliss,
 Must groan, and gasp, and die!

- 3 My soul, attend the solemn call,
 Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,
 And thou must take thy flight,
 Beyond the vast ethereal blue,
 To sing above as angels do,
 Or sink in endless night.

236.

S. M.

SAVIOUR, we wait the day,
 The awful day unknown,
 To quit our house, this tent of clay,
 To lay our bodies down.

2 Come, and our souls prepare
 For that tremendous day;
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray.

3 Oh! may we all insure
 A lot among the blest;
 And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest.

237.

C. M.

THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
 And humbly own to Thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As months and days increase;
 And every beating pulse we tell,
 Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave;
 Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,
 We're travelling to the grave.

4 Waken, O Lord! our drowsy sense,
 To walk this dangerous road;
 And if our souls are hurried hence,
 May they be found with God.

WATER.

238.

S. M.

The House appointed for all Living.

HOW swift the torrent rolls,
 That hastens to the sea!
 How strong the tide that bears our souls
 On to eternity!

2 Our fathers, where are they?
 With all they called their own,
 Their joys, and griefs, and hopes, and cares,
 And wealth, and honor gone!

3 There, where the fathers lie,
 Must all the children dwell;
 Nor other hermitage possess,
 But such a gloomy cell.

4 God of our fathers, hear,
 Thou everlasting Friend!
 While we, on life's extremest verge,
 Our souls to Thee commend.

DODDRIDGE

239.

III. 8.

PARTING soul! the floods await thee,
 And the billows round thee roar;
 Yet rejoice—the holy city
 Stands on yon celestial shore.

2 There are crowns and thrones of glory,
 There the living waters glide;
 There the just, in shining raiment
 Standing by Immanuel's side.

- 3 Linger not—the stream is narrow,
 Though its cold, dark waters rise;
 He who passed the flood before thee,
 Guides thy path to yonder skies.

EDMESTON

240.

IV. 2.

HOW solemn the signal I hear!
 The summons that calls me away,
 In regions unknown to appear:
 How shall I the summons obey?
 What scenes in that world shall arise,
 When life's latest sigh shall be fled,
 And darkness has sealed up my eyes,
 And deep in the dust I am laid?

- 2 No longer the world I can view,
 The scenes which so long I have known;
 My friends I must bid you adieu,
 For here, I must travel alone:
 Yet here my Redeemer has trod,
 His hallowed footsteps I know;
 I'll trust for defense to His rod,
 And lean on His staff as I go.

241.

C. M.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
 To call them to His arms.

- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all His saints He blessed,
And hallowed every bed;
Where should the dying members rest
But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way!
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

WATTS.

242.

L. M.

NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see.
The glories of eternity.

- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers, into life we come,
And dying is but going home.
- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large;
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel His love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

GIBBONS

243.

C. M.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high:
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliv'rer come;
And wipe away His servant's tears,
And take His exile home.

3 Oh! what hath Jesus bought for me!
 Before my ravished eyes
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of Paradise!
 I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there;
 They all are robed in spotless white,
 And conq'ring palms they bear.

4 Oh! what are all my suff'rings here,
 If, Lord, Thou count me meet
 With that enraptured host t' appear,
 And worship at Thy feet?
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away;
 But let me find them all again
 In that eternal day.

WESLEY.

244.

L. M.

SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
 I soon shall gather up my feet;
 Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
 And die, my fathers' God to meet.

2 Numbered among Thy people, I
 Expect with joy Thy face to see;
 Because Thou didst for sinners die;
 Jesus, in death remember me.

3 Oh! that without a lingering groan,
 I may Thy welcome word receive!
 My body with my charge lay down,
 And cease at once to work and live.

- 4 Walk with me through the dreadful shade,
 And, certified that Thou art mine,
 My spirit, calm and undismayed,
 I shall into Thy hands resign.
- 5 No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
 Shall damp, when Jesus' presence cheers;
 My light, my life, my God is come,
 And glory in His face appears!

WESLEY.

245.

III. 3.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
 All thy mourning days below;
 Go, by thy angel guards attended,
 To the sight of Jesus go.
 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Lo! the Saviour stands above,
 Shows the purchase of His merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love.

- 2 Struggle through thy latest passion
 To thy great Redeemer's breast;
 To His uttermost salvation,
 To His everlasting rest.
 For the joy He sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain:
 Die to live a life of glory!
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

WESLEY.

246.

L. M.

IN age and feebleness extreme,
 Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
 'Tis only Jesus by His blood
 Can raise a sinking soul to God.

2 Jesus, my only hope Thou art,
 Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
 Oh! let me catch one smile from thee,
 And drop into eternity!

WESLEY.

247.

L. M.

PASS a few swiftly fleeting years,
 And all that now in bodies live
 Shall quit, like me, this vale of tears,
 Their righteous sentence to receive.

2 But all, before they hence remove,
 May mansions for themselves prepare,
 In that eternal house above:
 And O my God! shall I be there?

WESLEY.

248.

L. M.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
 When sinks a weary soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes,
 How gently heaves the expiring breast,

2 So fades a summer's cloud away,
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
 So gently shuts the eye of day,
 So dies a wave along the shore.

- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which life nor death destroys ;
 Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell ;
 How bright th' unchanging morn appears :
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies ;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 "How blest the righteous when he dies."
BARBAULD.
-

249.

C. M

- Y**E golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
 With all your feeble light ;
 Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
 Pale empress of the night ;
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
 In brighter flames arrayed,
 My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
 No more demands thy aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
 Of my divine abode ;
 The pavement of those heavenly courts,
 Where I shall see my God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light
 Shall there His beams display ;
 Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
 With that unvaried day.

- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief
 Shall swell into my eyes;
 Nor the meridian sun decline
 Amidst those brighter skies.
- 6 There all the millions of His saints
 Shall in one song unite,
 And each the bliss of all shall view,
 With infinite delight

DODDRIDGE

250.

C. M.

IN vain my fancy strives to paint
 The moment after death—
 The glories that surround the saint,
 When he resigns his breath.

- 2 One gentle sigh his fetter breaks;
 We scarce can say, "He's gone,"
 Before the willing spirit takes
 Her mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail
 To trace her heavenward flight;
 No eye can pierce within the veil
 Which hides that world of light.
- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we know—
 They are supremely blest;
 Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
 And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold His name they praise,
 His presence always view:
 And if we *here* their footsteps trace,
There we shall praise Him too.

NEWTON.

251.

C. M.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
 Eternal and on high ;
 And here my spirit waiting stands,
 Till God shall bid it fly.

- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
 Must be dissolved, and fall ;
 Then, O my soul ! with joy obey
 Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis He, by His almighty grace,
 That forms thee fit for heaven ;
 And, as an earnest of the place,
 Has His own spirit given.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
 Faith lives upon His word ;
 But while the body is our home,
 We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,
 But we had rather see ;
 We would be absent from the flesh,
 And present, Lord, with Thee.

WATTS.

252.

C. M.

Unity of the Church.

- C**OME, let us join our friends above,
 Who have obtained the prize ;
 And on the eagle wings of love,
 To joy celestial rise.
- 2 Let saints below His praises sing,
 With those to glory gone ;
 For all the servants of our King
 In earth and heaven are one.

- 3 One family, we live in Him,
 One church above, beneath :
 Though now we're parted by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
 To His commands we bow ;
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.
- 5 Ten thousand to their endless home
 This solemn moment fly ;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And soon expect to die.
- 6 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide :
 Then, when the word is given,
 Bid the cold waves of death divide,
 And land us safe in heaven.

WESLEY

 253.

- WHAT'S this that steals—
 That steals upon my frame?
 Is it death ?
 That soon will quench—
 Will quench this vital flame ?
 Is it death ?
 If this be death, I soon shall be
 From every sin and sorrow free,
 I shall the King of Glory see:
 All is well.
- 2 Weep not, my friends—
 My friends, weep not for me ;
 All is well :
 My sins forgiven—
 Forgiven ! I am free ;
 All is well :

There's not a cloud that doth arise
 To hide my Saviour from my eyes ;
 I soon shall mount the upper skies :
 All is well.

3 Hark ! hark ! my Lord—
 My Lord and Master's voice
 Calls away ;
 I soon shall see—
 Enjoy my happy choice :
 Why delay ?
 Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu !
 I can no longer stay with you ;
 The glitt'ring crown appears in view :
 All is well.

4 Hail ! hail ! all hail—
 All hail, ye blood-washed throng,
 Saved by grace !
 I come to join—
 To join your rapturous song.
 Saved by grace :
 All, all is peace and joy divine,
 And heaven and glory now are mine :
 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb !
 All is well.

254.

The Young Christian's Death.

AGAIN we lift our voice,
 And shout our solemn joy ;
 Cause of highest raptures this,
 Rapture that shall never fail :
 See a soul escaped to bliss,
 Keep the Christian festival.

- 2 Our friend is gone before,
 To that celestial shore ;
 He hath left his mates behind,
 He hath all the storms outrode
 Found the rest we toil to find,
 Landed in the arms of God.
- 3 And shall we mourn to see
 Our fellow-prisoner free ?
 Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears,
 In the haven of the skies ?
 Can we weep to see the tears
 Wiped forever from his eyes ?
- 4 No, dear companion, no !
 We gladly let thee go
 From a suffering Church beneath,
 To a reigning Church above :
 Thou hast more than conquered death,
 Thou art crowned with life and love.
- 5 Thou in thy youthful prime
 Hast leaped the bounds of time :
 Suddenly from earth released,
 Lo ! we now rejoice for thee ;
 Taken to an early rest,
 Caught into eternity.
- 6 Thither may we repair,
 That glorious bliss to share :
 We shall see the welcome day,
 We shall to the summons bow ;
 Come, Redeemer, come away ;
 Now prepare, and take us now.

255.

III. 3.

An Infant dying at day-break to its Mother.

CEASE, here longer to detain me,
Kindest mother, drowned in woe:
Now thy fond caresses pain me;
Morn advances, let me go.

- 2 See yon Orient streak appearing,
Harbinger of endless day:
Hark, a voice the darkness cheering,
Calls my new-born soul away.
- 3 Lately launched a trembling stranger,
On the world's wild boisterous flood;
Pierced with sorrows, tossed with danger,
Gladly I return to God.
- 4 Now, my cries shall cease to grieve thee,
Now my trembling heart find rest;
Kinder arms than thine receive me,
Softer pillow than thy breast.
- 5 Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,
Upward turning towards their home;
Raptured, they'll forget all anguish,
While they wait to see thee come.
- 6 There, my mother, pleasures centre:
Weeping, parting, care, or woe,
Ne'er our Father's home shall enter:
Morn advances, let me go.
- 7 As through this calm, this holy dawning,
Silent glides my parting breath,
To an everlasting morning,
Gently close my eyes in death.

8 Blessings endless, richest blessings,
 Pour their streams upon thine heart,
 (Though no language yet possessing)
 Breathes my spirit ere we part.

9 Yet to leave thee sorrowing rends me :
 Though again His voice I hear :
 Rise, may every grace attend thee,
 Rise and seek to meet me there.

CECIL.

256.

C. M.

A LAS! how changed that lovely flower,
 Which bloomed and cheered my heart;
 Fair fleeting comfort of an hour,
 How soon we're called to part :

2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign
 That God whose ways are love ?
 Or vainly cherish anxious pain,
 For her who rests above ?

3 No! let me rather humbly pay
 Obedience to His will :
 And with my inmost spirit say,
 "The Lord is righteous still."

4 From adverse blasts and lowering storms
 Her favored soul He bore !
 And with yon bright angelic forms
 She lives to die no more.

5 Why should I vex my heart, or fast ?
 No more she'll visit me ;
 My soul will mount to her at last,
 And there my child I'll see.

- 6 Prepare me, blessed Lord, to share,
 The bliss Thy people prove:
 Who round Thy glorious throne appear,
 And dwell in perfect love.
-

257.

L. M.

- L**ONG let the breathing music float,
 That soothes the dying child to rest,
 And gently swell each rising note,
 That wafts it to the Saviour's breast.
- 2 Oh! when the youthful Christian dies,
 How soft the strains that angels raise!
 At rest on their bright wings he lies,
 And learns their thrilling notes of praise.
- 3 Sweet is His Saviour's welcome there,
 And sweet the voice that bids him rest:
 Oh! let me live a life so fair,
 Oh! let me die a death so blest.
-

258.

III. 2.

- W**HEREFORE should I make my moan,
 Now the darling child is dead?
 He to early rest is gone,
 He to Paradise is fled.
 I shall go to *him*, but *he*
 Never shall return to me.
- 2 God forbids his longer stay,
 God recalls the precious loan,
 God hath taken him away,
 From my bosom to His own;
 Surely what He wills is best,
Happy in His will I rest.

- 3 Faith cries out, It is the Lord,
 Let Him do as seems Him good ;
 Be Thy Holy name adored :
 Take the gift awhile bestowed ;
 Take the child no longer mine,
 Thine he is, forever Thine.

WESLEY.

259.

III. 3.

HARK! what voice of love is speaking,
 Mid these throes of pain and death?
 Light upon my soul is breaking,
 E'en while struggling thus for breath.
 Welcome then this dying anguish,
 These cold dews that steep my brow ;
 That blest hour for which I languish,
 Can not be far distant now.

- 2 All my outward senses failing,
 Part me from terrestrial things ;
 But my soul, new life inhaling,
 Fluttering, striving, spreads her wings.
 Ye who tenderest watch are keeping,
 Though these hours seem dark indeed,
 Think while o'er my sufferings weeping,
 Thus the imprisoned soul is freed.
- 3 Be the prison here demolished,
 King of terrors ! break them down ;
 But thy further power abolished,
 Christ thy conqueror thou must own ;
 He is with me, He is near me,
 He thy every stroke directs ;
 His beloved accents cheer me,
 He the soul he saved protects.

- 4 Lord, Thou camest to receive me :
 Oh ! what faithfulness is Thine !
 Now when every friend must leave me,
 Come to be forever mine.
 Lo ! the beatific vision
 Breaks on my enraptured sight :
 Weighed with this divine fruition,
 E'en the pangs of death seem light.
-

260.

THOU art gone to the grave ! but we will
 not deplore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass
 the tomb ;
 The Saviour has passed through its portals
 before thee,
 And the lamp of His love is the guide
 through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer
 behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough paths of the world
 by thy side ;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to
 enfold thee,
 And sinners may die, for the Sinless hath
 died.

Thou art gone to the grave ! and its mansion
 forsaking,
 What though thy weak spirit in fear linger-
 ed long ;
 The sunshine of Paradise beamed on thy
 waking,
 And the sound which thou heardst was
 the seraphim's song.

- 4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not
 deplore thee,
 For God was thy ransom, thy guardian and
 guide;
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will
 restore thee:
 And death has no sting, for the Saviour
 hath died.

HEBER

261.

III. 4.

- L**ET me go, the day is breaking—
 Dear companions, let me go;
 We have spent a night of waking,
 In the wilderness below;
 Upward now I bend my way;
 Part we here at break of day.
- 2 Let me go; I may not tarry
 Wrestling thus with doubts and fears;
 Angels wait my soul to carry
 Where my risen Lord appears.
 Friends and kindred weep not so—
 If ye love me let me go.
- 3 We have travelled long together,
 Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
 Both through fair and stormy weather,
 And 'tis hard, 'tis hard to part;
 While I sigh, "farewell!" to you,
 Answer, one and all, adieu!
- 4 'Tis not darkness gathering round me,
 That withdraws me from your sight;
 Walls of flesh no more can bound me;
 But, translated into light,
 Like the lark on mounting wing,
 Though unseen you hear me sing.

- 5 Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
 Far beyond earth's span of sky.
 Am I dead? Nay, by this token,
 Know that I have ceased to die;
 Would you solve the mystery,
 Come up hither—come and see.

MONTGOMERY.

262.

II. 4.

- IF death my friends and me divide,
 Thou dost not Lord, my sorrow chide,
 Or frown, my tears to see;
 Restrained from passionate excess,
 Thou bid'st me mourn in calm distress
 For those that rest in Thee.

- 2 I feel a strong, immortal hope,
 Which bears my mournful spirit up
 Beneath its mountain load:
 Redeemed from death, and grief and pain,
 I soon shall find my friend again
 Within the arms of God.

- 3 Pass a few fleeting moments more,
 And death the blessing shall restore
 Which death hath snatched away;
 For me Thou wilt the summons send,
 And give me back my parted friend
 In that eternal day.

WESLEY.

263.

III. 1.

- HARK! a voice divides the sky!
 Happy are the faithful dead,
 In the Lord who sweetly die!
 They from all their toils are freed.

- 2 Ready for their glorious crown—
Sorrôws past and sins forgiven—
Here they lay their burthen down,
Hallowed and made meet for heaven.
- 3 When from flesh the spirit freed,
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry—"A man is dead!"
Angels sing—"A child is born!"
- 4 Born into the world above,
They our happy brother greet;
Bear him to the throne of love,
Place him at the Saviour's feet!
- 5 Jesus smiles, and says, "Well done!"
Good and faithful servant thou!
Enter and receive thy crown!
Reign with me triumphant now.

WESLEY.

264.

III. 1.

- L**O! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his fleshy load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered unto God.
Lo! the pain of life is past,
And his warfare now is o'er;
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.
- 2 Yes! the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the crown is won,
Death is swallowed up of life.
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth his spirit flies
To the Lord he loved, and sings
Triumphing in paradise.

- 3 Join we then with one accord
 In the new and joyful song ;
 Absent from our glorious Lord
 We shall not continue long ;
 We shall quit the house of clay
 Better joys with Him to share ;
 We shall see the realms of day,
 We shall meet our brethren there.

WESLEY.

265.

III. 5.

TOSSED no more on life's rough billow,
 All the storms of sorrow fled ;
 Death has found a quiet pillow
 For the faithful Christian's head ;
 Peaceful slumbers
 Guarding o'er his lowly bed.

- 2 Oh ! may we be reunited
 To the spirits of the just—
 Leaving all that sin hath blighted,
 With corruption in the dust.
 Hear us, Jesus,
 Thou our Lord, our life, our trust.

266.

II. 1.

AND am I only born to die—
 And must I certainly comply
 With nature's stern decree ?
 What after death with me remains,
 Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
 To all eternity ?

- 2 How then ought I in earth to live
 While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
 And props the house of clay ?

My sole concern, my single care
To watch and tremble and prepare
Against the final day.

- 3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone ;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne.
- 4 No matter what my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy ;
But oh ! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place ?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend ?
- 5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
Which never, never dies.
How make mine own election sure,
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies ?

WESLEY.

267.

S. M.

AND must this body die,
This mortal frame decay ;
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay ?

- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh ;
Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.

- 3 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till He shall bid it rise.
- 4 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine ;
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe,
To Jesus' dying love ;
We would adore His grace below,
And sing His power above.
- *6 O Lord ! accept the praise
Of these our humble songs ;
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise,
With our immortal tongues.

WATTS.

268.

L. M.

JESUS, once numbered with the dead,
Unseals His eyes to weep no more ;
And ever lives their cause to plead
For whom the pains of death He bore.

- 2 Then though in dust I lay my head,
Yet gracious Lord Thou wilt not leave
My flesh forever with the dead,
Nor lose Thy children in the grave.

269.

S. M.

REST from thy labor, rest,
Soul of the just, set free ;
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy bright example be.

- 2 Faith, perseverance, zeal,
 Language of light and power;
 Love prompt to act, and quick to feel,
 Marked thee till life's last hour.
- 3 Now toil and conflict o'er,
 Go take with saints thy place;
 But go as each has gone before,
 A sinner saved by grace.
- 4 Lord Christ, into Thy hands
 Our pastor we resign,
 And now we wait Thine own commands,
 We were not his but Thine.
- 5 Thou art Thy Church's head,
 And when the members die,
 Thou raisest others in their stead:
 To Thee we lift our eyes.
- 6 On Thee our hopes depend,
 We gather round our Rock;
 Send whom Thou wilt, but condescend
 Thyself to feed Thy flock.

 270.

L. M.

THE hour of my departure's come,
 I hear the voice which calls me home;
 At length, O Lord! let trouble cease,
 And let Thy servant die in peace.

- 2 The race appointed I have run,
 The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
 And now my witness is on high,
 And now my record's in the sky.

- 3 Not in mine innocence I trust,
I bow before Thee in the dust ;
And through my Saviour's blood alone,
I look for mercy to Thy throne.
- 4 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear ;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.
- 5 I come, I come, at Thy command,
I give my spirit to Thy hand ;
Stretch forth Thy everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.
- 6 The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice which calls me home ;
Now, O my God ! let trouble cease,
Now let thy servant die in peace.
-

271.

L. M.

A SLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep !
From which none ever wakes to weep ;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

- 2 Asleep in Jesus, oh ! how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet ;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its painful sting.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest !
Whose waking is supremely blest ;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

- 4 Asleep in Jesus, oh ! for me
 May such a blissful refuge be ;
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 Waiting the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be ;
 But there is still a blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

MRS. MACKAY.

272.

L. M.

- UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,
 And give these sacred relics room
 Awhile to slumber in the dust.
- 2 No pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
 Invades Thy bounds ! no mortal woes
 Can reach the forms which slumber here,
 And angels watch their soft repose.
- 3 Lo ! Jesus slept—God's dying Son
 Passed through the grave, and blessed
 the bed ;
 Rest here, dear saint ! till from His throne
 The morning break and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from His throne, Illustrious Morn,
 Attend O Earth ! His sovereign word ;
 Restore thy trust—a glorious form,
 Called to ascend and meet the Lord.

WATTS.

273.

S. M.

- SERVANT of God, well done !
 Rest from thy loved employ ;
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 Enter thy Master's joy.

- The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear,
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell—but felt no fear.
- 2 Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field ;
A veteran slumbering on his arms
Beneath his red cross shield.
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.
- 3 It was a two-edged blade,
Of heavenly temper keen ;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it glanced between.
'Twas death to sin—'twas life
To all who mourned for sin ;
It kindled and it silenced strife,
Made war and peace within.
- 4 Oft with its fiery force
His arm had quelled the foe ;
And laid resistless in his course,
The alien armies low.
Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss ;
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the Cross.
- 5 At midnight came the cry,
To meet thy God prepare ;
He woke and caught his Captain's eye ;
Then strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay ;
His tent at sunrise on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.

- 6 The pains of death are past,
 Labor and sorrow cease;
 And life's long warfare closed at last,
 His soul is found in peace.
 Soldier of Christ, well done!
 Praise be thy new employ;
 And while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

MONTGOMERY.

XII. RESURRECTION.

E A S T E R.

274.

II. 4.

A WAKE, our drowsy souls,
 And burst the slothful band ;
 The wonders of this day
 Our noblest songs demand.
 Auspicious morn, thy blissful rays
 Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
 Reluctant death resigned
 The glorious Prince of life,
 In dark domains confined.
 Th' angelic host around Him bends,
 And midst their shouts the God ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord !
 Heaven with hosannas rings,
 While earth in humbler strains -
 Thy praise responsive sings.
 Worthy art Thou who once was slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign.

4 Gird on, great God, Thy sword,
 Ascend Thy conquering car,
 While justice, truth, and love,
 Maintain the glorious war.
 Victorious Thou Thy foes shalt tread,
 And sin and hell in triumph lead.

SCOTT.

275.

III. 1.

HAIL the day that sees Him rise
 Glorious to His native skies!
 Christ awhile to mortals given,
 Enters now the gates of heaven.

2 There the glorious triumph waits :
 Lift your heads, eternal gates !
 Christ hath vanquished death and sin ;
 Take the King of glory in.

3 See the heaven its Lord receives !
 Yet He loves the earth He leaves :
 Though returning to His throne,
 Still He calls mankind His own.

4 Still for us He intercedes,
 His prevailing death He pleads ;
 Near Himself prepares our place,
 Great forerunner of our race.

5 What though parted from our sight,
 Far above yon starry height ;
 Thither our affections rise,
 Following Him beyond the skies.

MADAM.

276.

L. M.

WHEN God is nigh my faith is strong,
 His arm is my almighty prop :
 Be glad, my heart ; rejoice, my tongue ;
 My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
 Yet, gracious God, Thou wilt not leave
 My soul forever with the dead,
 Nor lose Thy children in the grave.

- 3 My flesh shall Thy first call obey,
 Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
 Then shalt Thou lead the wondrous way
 Up to Thy throne above the sky.
- 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
 And full discov'ries of thy grace
 (Which we but tasted here below)
 Spread heavenly joys through all the
 place.

277.

III. 1.

- M**ARY to the Saviour's tomb
 Hasted at the early dawn;
 Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
 But the Lord she loved had gone.
- 2 For awhile she lingering stood,
 Filled with sorrow and surprise;
 Trembling, while a crystal flood
 Issued from her weeping eyes.
- 3 But her sorrows quickly fled
 When she heard His welcome voice,
 Christ had risen from the dead,
 Now He bids her heart rejoice.
- 4 What a change His word can make,
 Turning darkness into day!
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.

278.

- S**TAND th' omnipotent decree,
 Jehovah's will be done;
 Nature's end we wait to see,
 And hear her final groan.

Let those pond'rous orbs descend
 And grind us into dust ;
 Let this earth dissolve and blend
 In death the wicked and the just.

2 Rests securè the righteous man ;
 At his Redeemer's beck,
 Sure to emerge and rise again
 And mount above the wreck ;
 Lo ! the heavenly spirit towers,
 Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre ;
 Triumphs in immortal powers,
 And claps his wings of fire.

3 Nothing hath the just to lose,
 By worlds on worlds destroyed ;
 Far beneath his feet he views
 With smiles the flaming void ;
 Sees this universe renewed—
 The grand millennial reign begun ;
 Shouts with all the sons of God
 Around the eternal throne.

4 Resting in this glorious hope
 To be at last restored,
 Yield we now our bodies up
 To earthquake, plague, or sword ;
 Listening for the call divine,
 The latest trumpet of the seven,
 Soon our soul and form' shall join,
 And both fly up to heaven.

WESLEY

XIII. JUDGMENT.

279.

III. 5.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders,
 Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round :
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound !

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Clothed in majesty divine !
 You who long for His appearing,
 Then shall say, " This God is mine !"
 Gracious Saviour
 Own me in that day for Thine.

3 At His call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea ;
 All the powers of nature shaken,
 At His call prepare to flee :
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee ?

NEWTON.

280.

S. M.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
 Before whose bar severe,
 With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear ;

Our souls by grace prepare
 For that tremendous day,
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray.

2 To pray and wait the hour,
 That awful hour unknown,
 When, robed in majesty and power,
 Thou shalt from heaven come down,
 Th' immortal Son of Man,
 To judge the human race,
 With all Thy Father's dazzling train,
 With all Thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
 T' increase our gracious fears,
 Forever let the archangel's voice
 Be sounding in our ears
 The solemn midnight cry,
 "Ye dead, the Judge is come!
 Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
 And meet your instant doom!"

4 Oh! may we thus be found
 Obedient to Thy word,
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord!
 Oh! may we all insure
 A lot among the blest;
 And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest.

WESLEY.

281.

III. 5.

SEE the eternal Judge descending,
 Seated on His father's throne;
 Now, O sinner! now lamenting,
 Stand and hear thy awful doom,
 Trumpets call thee,
 Stand and hear thy awful doom.

- 2 Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
 With the marks of dying love ;
 Oh ! that I had sought His favor,
 When I felt the Spirit move !
 Lost forever,
 For I have against Him strove.
- 3 All His warnings I have slighted,
 While He daily sought my soul ;
 If my vows to Him I plighted,
 Yet for sin I broke them all,
 Golden moments !
 How neglected did they roll !

READ.

282.

C. M.

THAT awful day will surely come,
 Th' appointed hour makes haste,
 When I must stand before my Judge,
 And pass the solemn test.

- 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
 Thou Sovereign of my heart,
 How could I bear to hear Thy voice
 Pronounce the sound, "Depart !"
- 3 What, to be banished for my life
 And yet forbid to die !
 To linger in eternal pain,
 Yet death forever fly !
- 4 O wretched state of deep despair !
 To see my God remove,
 And fix my doleful station where
 I must not taste His love !
- 5 Oh ! tell me that my worthless name
 Is graven on Thy hands ;
 Show me some promise in Thy book,
 Where my salvation stands.

WATTS

283.

II. 4.

The Midnight Cry. Matt. 25: 6.

YE virgin souls, arise,
 With all the dead awake,
 Unto salvation wise,
 Oil in your vessels take:
 Upstarting at the midnight cry,
 Behold your heavenly bridegroom nigh!

2 He comes, He comes, to call
 The nations to his bar,
 And take to glory all
 Who meet for glory are:
 Make ready for your free reward,
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Ye that have here received
 The unction from above,
 And in His spirit lived,
 And thirsted for His love;
 Jesus shall claim you for His bride—
 Rejoice with all the sanctified.

Rejoice in glorious hope
 Of that great day unknown,
 When you shall be caught up,
 To stand before His throne;
 Called to partake the marriage feast,
 And lean on our Immanuel's breast.

5 May we, too, wait to hear
 The trumpet's welcome sound!
 To see our Lord appear,
 May we be watching found!
 Enrobed in righteousness divine,
 In which the bride shall ever shine.

WESLEY.

284.

III. 5.

LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth again!

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught, and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away!
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment, come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 See the Judge our nature wearing
Pure, ineffable, divine;
See the great Archangel bearing
High in heaven the mystic sign:
Cross of glory!
Christ be in that moment mine.

- 6 Lo ! the last long separation !
 As the cleaving crowds divide ;
 And one dread adjudication
 Sends each soul to either side !
 Lord of mercy !
 How shall I that day abide ?
- 7 Oh ! may Thine own Bride and Spirit
 Then avert a dreadful doom,
 And me summon to inherit
 An eternal blissful home :
 Ah ! come quickly !
 Let Thy second advent come !
- 8 Yea, amen ! let all adore Thee,
 On Thine everlasting throne ;
 Saviour, take the power and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own !
 Men and angels
 Bow to Thee, to Thee alone.

BYRON.

285.

III. 5.

- L**O ! He cometh—countless trumpets
 Wake to life the slumbering dead ;
 Mid ten thousand saints and angels
 See their great exalted Head.
 Hallelujah !
 Welcome, welcome, Son of God.
- 2 Full of joyful expectation
 Saints behold the Judge appear ;
 Truth and justice go before Him—
 Now the joyful sentence hear ;
 Hallelujah !
 Welcome, welcome, Judge Divine !

- 3 "Come, ye blessed of my Father !
Enter into life and joy ;
Banish all your fears and sorrows ;
Endless praise be your employ ;"
Hallelujah !
Welcome, welcome, to the skies.
-

286.

III. 3.

HARK ! ten thousand voices sounding
Victory, victory, through the sky !
Swiftly flies the shout, resounding,
Spreading rapturous joy on high.

- 2 Jesus comes, His conflict over,
Comes to claim His great reward ;
Angels round the Victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord.
- 3 Oh ! what honors now await Him !
Friends and foes shall hear His voice.
Tremble, tremble, ye that hate Him ;
Ye who love His name, rejoice.
- 4 Yonder throne for him erected,
Now become the Victor's seat :
Lo ! the Man on earth rejected !
Angels worship at His feet.
- 5 Day and night they cry before Him
Holy, holy, holy Lord !
All the powers of heaven adore Him—
All obey His sovereign word.

287.

C.M.

LO! what a glorious sight appears
 To our believing eyes!
 The earth and seas are passed away,
 And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
 That holy, happy place,
 The new Jerusalem comes down,
 Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
 And the bright armies sing—
 “Mortals, behold the sacred seat
 Of your descending King.

4 “The God of glory down to men
 Removes His blest abode;
 Men the dear objects of His grace,
 And He the loving God.

5 “His own kind hand will wipe the tears
 From every weeping eye;
 And pains, and groans, and griefs and fears,
 And death itself shall die.”

6 How long, dear Saviour, oh! how long
 Shall this bright hour delay?
 Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
 And bring the welcome day.

W.A.M.

288.

II. 3.

DAY of wrath, that day of burning
 All shall melt, to ashes turning,
 All foretold by seers discerning,
 Oh ! what fear it shall engender
 When the Judge shall come in splendor,
 Strict to mark and just to render.

2 Trumpet-scattered sound of wonder,
 Rending sepulchres asunder,
 Shall resistless summons thunder.
 All aghast then death shall shiver,
 And great nature's frame shall quiver,
 When the graves their dead deliver.

3 Think, O Jesus ! for what reason,
 Thou enduredst earth's spite and treason,
 Nor me lose in that dread season.
 Seeking me Thy worn feet hasted,
 On the cross Thy soul death tasted,
 Let such labor not be wasted.

4 Righteous Judge of retribution,
 Grant me perfect absolution
 Ere that day of execution.
 Culprit like, I—heart all broken,
 On my cheek shame's crimson token—
 Plead the pardoning word be spoken.

5 'Mid the sheep a place decide me,
 And from goats on left divide me,
 Standing on the right beside Thee.
 When th' accursed away are driven,
 To eternal burnings given,
Call me with the blest to heaven.

- 6 I beseech Thee, prostrate lying,
Heart as ashes, contrite, sighing,
Care for me when I am dying.
On that awful day of wailing,
When man rising, stands before Thee,
Spare the culprit, God of glory !

Translation from THOMAS DE CELANO.

289.

L. M.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away !
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

- 2 When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.

- 3 Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ ! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Translated by SCOTT from a Latin ode ascribed to THOMAS DE CELANO in the thirteenth century.

XIV. HEAVEN AND HELL.

290.

C. M.

WHAT blissful harmonies above,
In vocal thunders swell?
The perfecting of joy and love,
What raptured legions tell?

- 2 The glorious apostolic band—
Do they in triumph sing?
Do prophets from the holy land
Their inspiration bring?
- 3 Or from the noble army breaks
The deep adoring strain,
Who won their way from fiery stakes,
And were for conscience slain?
- 4 Is it the patriarchal race
That breathe the sacred song?
Or to the heirs of Gospel grace
Do the full choirs belong?
- 5 For each, for all, the Word is found
Almighty to atone:
All, all in shining hosts surround
The bright celestial throne.

- 6 Peoples, and languages, and tongues,
 The choral anthem raise :
 To every voice and speech belongs
 The work of heavenly praise.

CONDER.

291.

C. M.

FAR from the narrow scenes of night
 Unbounded glories rise,
 And realms of infinite delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.

- 2 Fair distant land ! could mortal eyes
 But half its charms explore,
 How would our spirits long to rise,
 And dwell on earth no more.

- 3 There pain and sickness never come,
 And grief no more complains ;
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
 And endless pleasure reigns.

- 4 No cloud those blissful regions know,
 Realms ever bright and fair :
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.

- 5 There all the millions of His saints
 Shall in one song unite,
 And each the bliss of all shall view
 With infinite delight.

- 6 Nor needed is the shining moon,
 Nor e'en the sun's bright ray ;
 For glory, from the sacred throne,
 Spreads everlasting day.

STEELE.

292.

IV. 4.

OH! where can the soul find relief from its
foes,

A shelter of safety, a home of repose?

Can earth's highest summit or deepest hid
vale,

Give a refuge no sorrow nor sin can assail?

No, no!—there's no home—

There's no home on earth—the soul has no
home.

2 Shall it leave the low earth and soar to the
sky,

And seek for a home in the mansions on
high?

In the bright realms of bliss will a dwelling
be given,

And the soul find a home in the glory of
heaven?

Yes, yes!—there's a home—

There's a home in high heaven—the soul has
a home.

3 Oh! holy and sweet its rest shall be there!

Free forever from sin, and sorrow, and care;

And the loud hallelujahs of angels shall rise,

To welcome the soul to its home in the skies,

Home, home!—home of the soul!

The bosom of God is the home of the soul!

Key.

293.

C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye

To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

- 2 Oh ! the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight !
- 3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow ;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vale,
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest ?
- 7 Filled with delight my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay !
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.
- 8 Adieu, adieu, all earthly things !
I come, my Lord, I come ;
Angels, extend your golden wings,
And bear my spirit home.

294.

S. M.

O H! what a mighty change
Shall Jesus' sufferers know ;
While o'er the happy plains we range,
Incapable of woe,
No ill-requited love
Shall there our spirits wound ;
No base ingratitude above,
No sin in heaven is found.

2 There all our griefs are spent,
There all our sufferings end ;
We can not there the fall lament
Of a departed friend—
A brother dead to God,
By sin alas ! undone ;
No father there in passion loud,
Cries, O my son ! my son !

3 Nor slightest touch of pain,
Nor sorrow's least alloy,
Can violate our rest, or stain
Our purity of joy.
In that eternal day
No clouds or tempests rise ;
There gushing tears are wiped away
Forever from our eyes.

4 This languishing desire,
Which now for heaven we feel,
Shall there delightfully expire
In joy ineffable.
The weight of glorious bliss,
That to our share shall fall ;
Not angel tongue can half express,
But we shall have it all.

W. M. M.

295.

III. 1.

IN the sun, and moon, and stars,
 Signs and wonders there shall be ;
 Earth shall quake with inward wars,
 Nations with perplexity.

2 Dread alarms shall shake the proud,
 Pale amazement, restless fear ;
 And amid the thunder-cloud,
 Shall the Judge of man appear.

3 But, though from His awful face,
 Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,
 Fear not ye, His chosen race,
 Your redemption draweth nigh.

HEBER.

296.

C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 Oh ! how I long for thee ;
 When will my sorrows have an end,
 Thy joys, when shall I see ?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
 Most glorious to behold ;
 Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
 Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Why should I shrink at pain or woe,
 Or feel at death dismay ?
 Jerusalem I soon shall view
 In realms of endless day.

- 4 Reach down, O Lord ! Thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.
- 5 There happier bowers than Eden bloom,
Nor sin, nor sorrow know,
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
- 6 Redeemed saints and angels there
Around my Saviour stand,
And soon, my friends in Christ below,
We'll join the glorious band.
- 7 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.
-

297.

C. M.

- O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem !
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys, when shall I see ?
- 2 O happy harbor of God's saints !
O sweet and pleasant soil !
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.
- 3 No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night ;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God Himself gives light.

- 4 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
 Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
 Thy gates are all of orient pearl—
 O God! if I were there!
- 5 O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
 Thy joys when shall I see?
 The King that sitteth on Thy throne
 In His felicity?
- 6 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
 Continually are green,
 Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
 As nowhere else are seen.
- 7 Right through thy streets with pleasing
 sound,
 The flood of life doth flow;
 And on the bank on either side,
 The trees of life do grow.
- 8 Those trees each month yield ripened fruit;
 Forever more they spring;
 And all the nations of the earth
 To thee their honors bring.
- 9 O mother dear, Jerusalem!
 When shall I come to thee?
 When shall my sorrows have an end?
 Thy joys, when shall I see?

QUARLES. *

* The original of the two preceding hymns, of which there have been so many versions, is traced through the Latin up to St. Augustine.

298.

II. 1.

Prospect of Heaven.

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades in the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond the vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode ;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here;
We shall before His face appear,
And by His side sit down ;
To patient faith the prize is sure ;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope !
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead ;
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity,
We soon with open face shall see ;
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

XV. MISCELLANEOUS.

299.

C. M.

LORD of my life, length of my days,
 Thy hand has rescued me,
 Who, lying at the gates of death,
 Among the dead was free.

2 I thought I stood upon the shore,
 And nothing could I see
 But the vast ocean with my eyes—
 A vast eternity.

3 I thought I heard the midnight cry,
 "Behold the Bridegroom comes!"
 And I was called to the bar,
 Where souls receive their dooms.

4 The world was at an end to me,
 As if it all did burn;
 But lo! there came a voice from heaven,
 Which ordered my return.

5 Lord, I return at Thy command,
 What wilt Thou have me do?
 Oh! let me wholly live to Thee
 To whom my life I owe.

- 6 Fain would I dedicate to Thee
The remnant of my days;
Lord, with my life renew my heart,
That both Thy name may praise.

MASON.

300.

III. 4.

Sabbath Morning Prayer-Meeting.

- S**AFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best—
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.
- 3 When we meet Thy name to praise,
Let us feel Thy presence near:
May Thy glory meet our eyes
While we in Thy house appear;
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
- 4 May the Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound;
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

NEWTON.

301.

L. M.

THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord !
 In every star Thy wisdom shines ;
 But when our eyes behold Thy word,
 We read Thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And nights and days Thy power confess ;
 But the blest volume Thou hast writ,
 Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
 Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
 So when Thy truth began its race,
 It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall Thy spreading Gospel rest,
 Till through the world Thy truth has run ;
 Till Christ has all the nations blessed,
 That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
 Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
 Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
 In souls renewed and sins forgiven ;
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
 And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

WATTS.

302.

II. 4.

The Christian Voyage.

- J**ESUS, at Thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all to sleep:
For Thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with Thee and Thine.
- 2 Thou art my Pilot wise ;
My compass is Thy word ;
My soul each storm defies
While I have such a Lord :
I trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Thou wilt safely keep,
And guide me with Thine eye :
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boist'rous storm outride.
- 4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest ;
My soul, Thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast :
Oh ! may I reach the heavenly shore
Where winds and waves resound no more.
- 5 Whene'er becalmed I lie,
And storms and winds subside,
Lord, to my succor fly,
And keep me near Thy side :
For more the treacherous calm I dread
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

- 6 Come, heavenly wind, and blow
 A prosperous gale of grace,
 To waft me from below,
 To heaven, my destined place;
 Then in full sail my port I'll find,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

TOPLADY

303.

- OUR souls, by love together knit,
 Cemented, joined in one,
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice;
 'Tis heaven on earth begun:
 Our hearts have often burned within,
 And glowed with sacred fire,
 While Jesus spoke, and fed, and blessed,
 And filled the enlarged desire.

Chorus.

"A Saviour!" let creation sing,
 "A Saviour!" let all heaven ring;
 'Tis God with us, we feel Him ours,
 His fullness in our souls he pours:
 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er;
 We're joining those who've gone before;
 We soon shall reach that blissful shore
 Where we shall meet to part no more.

- 2 The little cloud increases still,
 The heavens are big with rain;
 We wait to catch the teeming shower,
 And all its moisture drain:
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows:
 But pour a mighty flood;
 Oh! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
 Till all proclaim Thee God.
 "A Saviour!" etc.

- 3 And when Thou mak'st Thy jewels up,
 And sett'st Thy starry crown,
 When all Thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 Proclaimed by Thee Thine own ;
 May we, a little band of love,
 We sinners, saved by grace,
 From glory unto glory changed,
 Behold Thee face to face.
 " A Saviour ! " etc.

MILLER.

304.

III. 4.

The Communion of Saints.

IF 'tis sweet to mingle where
 Christians meet for social prayer ;
 If 'tis sweet with them to raise
 Songs of holy joy and praise ;
 Passing sweet that state must be
 When they meet eternally.

- 2 Saviour, may these meetings prove
 Preparations from above ;
 While we worship in this place,
 May we go from grace to grace ;
 Make us, each in his degree,
 Meet, O Lord ! to dwell with Thee !

305.

III. 5.

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
 See, it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky !
 " It is finished ! "
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finished!—Oh! what pleasure
 Do these precious words afford!
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
 It is finished!
 Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished—all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law;
 Finished all that God had promised;
 Death and hell no more shall awe:
 It is finished!
 Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme;
 All on earth and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name:
 Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

EVANS

306.

C. M.

A MAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)
 That saved a wretch like me!
 I once was lost, but now am found,
 Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears relieved;
 How precious did that grace appear,
 The hour I first believed.

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
 I have already come;
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.

- 1 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures ;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine ;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

NEWTON.

307.

HOW happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above ;
Oh ! what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love !

- 2 That comfort was mine
When Thy favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name.
- 3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know :
The angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

- 4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song,
Oh ! that all His salvation might see ;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.
- 5 On the wings of His love,
I was carried above
All sin and temptation and pain ;
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.
- 6 Oh ! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which is found in His life-giving blood !
Of a Saviour possessed,
We are perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

WESLEY.

308.

II. 1.

OH ! glorious hope of perfect love !
It lifts me up to things above ;
It bears on eagles' wings ;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With angels, priests, and kings.

- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below ;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow :

A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
 Favored with God's peculiar smile,
 With ev'ry blessing blessed ;
 There dwells the Lord our righteousness,
 And keeps His own in perfect peace
 And everlasting rest.

Oh ! that I might at once go up !
 No more on this side Jordan stop,
 But now the land possess ;
 This moment end my legal years ;
 Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
 A howling wilderness.

Now, O my Joshua ! bring me in !
 Cast out Thy foes, the inbred sin,
 The carnal mind remove ;
 The purchase of Thy death divide,
 And oh ! with all the sanctified,
 Give me my God to love.

WESLEY.

309.

S. M.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
 Down from the willows take ;
 Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord,
 Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
 We are not far from home ;
 And nearer to our house above,
 We ev'ry moment come.

3 His grace shall to the end
 Stronger and brighter shine ;
 Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Shall quench the spark divine.

- 4 The time of love will come,
 When we shall clearly see,
 Not only that He shed His blood,
 But each shall say, "for me."
- 5 Tarry His leisure, then,
 Wait the appointed hour ;
 Wait till the bridegroom of your souls
 Reveal His love with power.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God !
 That stays himself on Thee :
 Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
 Shall Thy salvation see.

TOPLADY.

310.

C. M.

Reflections at the End of the Year.

- AND now, my soul, another year
 Of my short life is past,
 I can not long continue here,
 And this may be my last.
- 2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
 Nor will return again ;
 And swift my passing moments run,
 The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care
 Thy true condition learn ;
 What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair ?
 And what thy great concern ?
- 4 Now a new scene of time begins,
 Set out afresh for heaven ;
 Seek pardon for thy former sins,
 In Christ so freely given,

Devoutly yield thyself to God,
 And on His grace depend ;
 With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
 Nor doubt a happy end.

BROWNE.

311.

L. M.

ET thoughtless thousands choose the road
 That leads the soul away from God ;
 This happiness, dear Lord, be mine,
 To live and die entirely Thine.

On Christ, by faith, my soul would live ;
 From Him my life, my all receive ;
 To Him devote my fleeting hours,
 Serve him alone with all my powers.

Christ is my everlasting all ;
 To Him I look, on Him I call ;
 He will my every want supply.
 In time and through eternity.

Soon will the Lord, my life, appear ;
 Soon shall I end my trials here ;
 Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain :
 To live is Christ—to die is gain.

Soon will the saints in glory meet—
 Soon walk through every golden street,
 And sing on every blissful plain,
 To live is Christ—to die is gain !

312.

C. M.

) GOD ! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home—

- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
 And our defense is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
 Are like an evening gone,
 Short as the watch that ends the night,
 Before the rising sun.
- 5 O God ! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
 And our eternal home.

WATTS.

313.

Q.M.

THERE is a place of woe unmixed,
 A land of changeless doom :
 Despair has there her empire fixed ;
 There hope can never come.

- 2 There is a hope, untrue, unblest,
 Which, like a broken reed,
 Will fail, if on its stay we rest,
 When chiefly hope we need.
- 3 There is a hope that ne'er will fail,
 It comes from heaven above ;
 A hope that enters through the veil,
 Now joined with faith and love.

4 Its guiding beam, its friendly ray
Can cheer the darkest night;
It helps the pilgrim on his way,
And points to realms of light.

5 Our hope is anchored, Lord, on Thee,
On this unfriendly shore;
And Thou, in heaven, our joy shalt be;
When hope shall be no more,

314.

C. M.

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows!
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my trials, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 When groaning, on my burdened heart
My sins lie heavily;
My pardon speak, new peace impart;
In love, remember me.

If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.

4 The hour is near—consigned to death,
I own Thy just decree:
Saviour, with my last parting breath
I'll cry, remember me.

HAWES.

315.

III. 1.

W HILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.

Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little, none can know.

2 Spared to see another year,
 Let Thy blessing meet us here;
 Come, Thy dying work revive,
 Bid Thy drooping garden thrive:
 Sun of Righteousness, arise!
 Warm our hearts and bless our eyes;
 Let our prayer Thy pity move,
 Make this year a time of love.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us henceforth how to live,
 With eternity in view.
 Bless Thy word to old and young,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;
 When our life's short race is run,
 May we dwell with Thee above.

NEWTON.

316.

C. M.

JESUS! Thou art the sinner's friend;
 As such I look to Thee;
 Now, in the fullness of Thy love.
 O Lord! remember me.

2 Remember Thy pure word of grace—
 Remember Calvary;
 Remember all Thy dying groans,
 And then, remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God !
 I yield myself to Thee ;
 While Thou art sitting on Thy throne,
 Dear Lord ! remember me.

4 Lord ! I am guilty—I am vile,
 But Thy salvation's free ;
 Then, in Thine all-abounding grace,
 * Dear Lord ! remember me.

5 And when I close my eyes in death,
 When creature-helps all flee,
 Then, O my great Redeemer—God !
 I pray, remember me.

317.

L. M.

WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky ;
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks
 From every host, from every gem ;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks—
 It is the Star of Bethlehem !

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my found ring bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
 When suddenly a star arose—
 It was the Star of Bethlehem !

5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
 And through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 Forever and forever more,
 The Star—the Star of Bethlehem !

H. K. WHITE

318.

C. M.

The Everlasting Song.

EARTH has engrossed my love too long ;
 'Tis time I lift mine eyes
 Upward, dear Father ! to Thy throne,
 And to my native skies.

2 There, the blest man, my Saviour sits—
 The God ! how bright He shines !
 And scatters infinite delights
 On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
 Circle the throne around ;
 And move and charm the starry plains
 With an immortal sound.

4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employ—
 Jesus, my love, they sing !
 Jesus, the life of all our joy,
 Sounds sweet from every string.

5 Now let me mount and join their song,
 And sound Thy praises too ;
 My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
 Here's joyful work for you.

- 6 I would begin the music here,
 And so my soul should rise ;
 Oh ! for some heavenly notes to bear
 My passions to the skies !

WATTS.

319.

S. M.

Forgiveness of Sin by Confession.

- O**H ! blessed souls are they,
 Whose sins are covered o'er ;
 Divinely blessed, to whom the Lord
 Imputes their guilt no more !
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
 And keep their hearts with care ;
 Their lips and lives, without deceit,
 Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I concealed my guilt
 I felt the fest'ring wound ,
 Till I confessed my sins to Thee,
 And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
 Let saints keep near the throne ;
 Our help in times of deep distress
 Is found in God alone.

WATTS.

320.

L. M.

- A**WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
 He justly claims a song from me :
 His loving-kindness, oh ! how free.

- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
 He saved me from my lost estate:
 His loving-kindness, oh! how great.
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,
 He safely leads my soul along:
 His loving-kindness, oh! how strong.
- 4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
 Oh! may my last expiring breath
 His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 5 Then let me mount and soar away
 To the bright world of endless day,
 And sing with rapture and surprise
 His loving-kindness in the skies.

MEDLEY.

321.

C. M.

- L**ORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high!
 To Thee will I direct my prayer,
 To Thee lift up my cry.
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
 To plead for all His saints,
 Presenting at His Father's throne
 Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand;
 Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
 Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

- 4 Oh ! may Thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness ;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face !

WATTS.

322.

III. 1

BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptured vision,
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright elysian :
Lo ! we lift our longing eyes—
Break, ye intervening skies !
Son of Righteousness, arise !
Ope the gates of Paradise.

- 2 Floods of everlasting light
Freely roll before Him ;
Myriads with supreme delight
Instantly adore Him.
Angel trumps resound His fame ;
Harps of brightest gold proclaim
All the music of His name,
Heaven echoing the theme.
- 3 See the adoring elders rise
From their princely station ;
Shout His glorious victories,
Sing His great salvation.
Cast their crowns before the throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy, holy, holy One.

323.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
 morning,
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine
 aid ;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the
 stall :
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom and offerings divine ?
 Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the
 mine ?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
 Vainly with gifts would His favor secure :
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-
 ing,
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine
 aid ;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

BISHOP HEBER

324.

IV. 2.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

- 2 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
His spirit shall guide us safe home :
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

HART.

325.

III. 3.

COME, Thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer :
Hither by Thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.
- 3 Oh ! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
 Prone to leave the God I love ;
 Here's my heart, oh ! take and seal it,
 Seal it for Thy courts above !

ROBINSON.

326.

COME, let us anew
 Our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear ;
 His adorable will
 Let us gladly fulfill,
 And our talents improve
 By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream ;
 Our time, as a stream,
 'Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay :
 The arrow is flown,
 The moment is gone,
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 Oh ! that each in the day
 Of His coming, may say,
 " I have fought my way through,
 I have finished the work Thou didst give me to
 do !"
 Oh ! that each from his Lord
 May receive the glad word,
 " Well and faithfully done ;
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
 throne !"

WESLEY.

327.

S. M.

Union.

LET party names no more
 The Christian world o'erspread;
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth
 Let mutual love be found;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Let discord, child of hell!
 Be banished far away;
 Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
 Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the Church below
 Resemble that above,
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
 And every heart is love.

BEDDOMA.

328.

L. M.

KINDRED in Christ, for His dear sake,
 A hearty welcome here receive;
 May we together now partake
 The joys which only He can give!

2 To you and us by grace 'tis given
 To know the Saviour's precious name;
 And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
 Our hope, our way, our end the same.

- 3 May He by whose kind care we meet,
Send His good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love!
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme ;
When Christians see each other thus ;
We only wish to speak of Him
Who lived and died, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all He did and said,
And suffered for us here below ;
The path He marked for us to tread,
And what He's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

NEWTON

329.

III. 1

CHRISTIAN brethren, ere we part,
Let us each with grateful heart,
Once more to our Father raise
Our united hymn of praise.

- 2 Here perhaps we meet no more,
But we seek a brighter shore,
Where, above all sin and pain,
Brethren, we shall meet again.
- 3 To the Triune God of heaven
Love and praise be ever given,
Here, and by His hosts above,
Endless praise, adoring love.

330.

S. M.

AND let our bodies part,
To different scenes repair,
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are :
Jesus the corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite,
And still He keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with Him in white.

2 Oh ! let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below,
And, following our triumphant Head,
To farther conquests go.
The vineyard of the Lord
Before His lab'ers lies,
And, through His grace, a rich reward
Awaits them in the skies.

3 Oh ! let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end—
Where all our toil is o'er,
Our suff'rings and our pain :
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

WESLEY.

331.

L. M.

JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found ;
And every place is hallowed ground.

- 2 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.
- 3 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and banish care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise
To things unseen beyond the skies.
- 4 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;
Oh ! rend the heavens this favored hour,
Let us now feel Thy saving power.

COWPER.

332.

III. 5.

Encouragement when Error prevails.

- Y**ES, we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are near at hand ;
God, the mighty God, is speaking,
By His word in every land :
Mark His progress ;
Darkness flies at His command.
- 2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God the Saviour is preparing
Means to spread His truth abroad :
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.
- 3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let Thy people see Thy hand ;
Make the Gospel soon victorious
Through the world, in every land :
Perish idols,
At Jehovah's dread command.

KELLY.

333.

C. M.

FOR mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus, my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give ?

2 Alas ! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring Him forth ?
My best is stained and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all He has bestowed :
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more.

NEWTON.

334.

H. 3.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade ;
In His secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed ;
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

2 From the sword at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defense ;

Fear not thou the deadly quivers,
 When a thousand feel the blow ;
 Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
 Though ten thousand be laid low.

- 3 Since with pure and firm affection,
 Thou on God hast set thy love,
 With the wings of His protection,
 He will shield thee from above.
 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
 He will hearken, He will save,
 Here, for grief, reward thee double,
 Crown with life beyond the grave.

MONTGOMERY

335.

L. M.

On laying the Foundation-stone of a Church.

- THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay ;
 We build the temple, Lord, to Thee ;
 Thine eye be open night and day,
 To guard this house and sanctuary.
- 2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
 And dying sinners pray to live,
 Hear Thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
 And when Thou hearest, oh ! forgive !
- 3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
 The blessed gospel of Thy Son,
 Still by the power of His great name,
 Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Hosanna ! to their heavenly King,
 When children's voices raise that song ;
 Hosanna ! let their angels sing,
 And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

- 5 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?
- 6 That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne.
- MONTGOMERY.
-

336.

III. I.

Persuasion.

HARK! my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour; hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love Thee and adore ;
Oh ! for grace to love Thee more.

COWPER.

337.

L. M.

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn ?
'Tis God that justifies their souls,
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell ?
'Tis Christ that suffered in their stead ;
And their salvation to fulfill,
Behold Him rising from the dead !

- 3 He lives ! He lives ! and sits above,
Forever interceding there,
Who shall divide us from His love ?
Or who shall tempt us to despair ?

- 4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness ?
He that hath loved us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

- 5 Faith hath an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour ;
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink, with such a prop.

- 6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause His mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Him we love.

WATTS

338.

L. M.

The Believer's Safety.

WHAT man no guard nor weapon needs,
 Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows;
 But safe may pass, when duty leads,
 Through burning sands or mountain snows.

Released from guilt, he feels no fear,
 Redemption is his shield and tower;
 He sees his Saviour always near,
 To help in every trying hour.

His love possessing, I am blest;
 Secure, whatever change may come,
 Whether I go to east or west,
 With Him I still shall be at home.

If placed beneath the northern pole,
 Though winter reigns with rigor there,
 His gracious beams would cheer my soul,
 And make a spring throughout the year.

Or if the desert's sun-burnt soil
 My lonely dwelling e'er should prove,
 His presence would support my toil,
 Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.

NEWTN

339.

IV. :

WHAT think ye of Christ—is the test
 To try both your state and your scheme;
 You can not be right in the rest,
 Unless you think rightly of Him:
 As Jesus appears in your view,
 As He is beloved or not;
 So God is disposed to you,
 And mercy or wrath is your lot.

2 Some take Him a creature to be,
 A man, or an angel at most;
 Sure, these have not feelings like me,
 Nor know themselves wretched and lost:
 So guilty and helpless am I,
 I durst not confide in His blood,
 Nor on His protection rely,
 Unless I were sure He is God.

3 Some call Him a Saviour in word,
 But mix their own works with His plan,
 And hope He His help will afford,
 When they have done all that they can.
 Some style Him the Pearl of great price,
 And say He's the fountain of joys,
 Yet feed upon folly and vice,
 And cleave to the world and its toys.

4 If asked what of Jesus I think,
 (If He graciously give me the power,)
 I'll say He's my meat and my drink,
 My life, and my strength, and my store;
 My Shepherd, my Guardian, my Friend,
 My Saviour from sin and from thrall,
 My Hope from beginning to end,
 My Portion, my Lord, and my All.

NEWTON

340.

L. 1

WHAT sinners value I resign;
 Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine:
 I shall behold Thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show:
 But the bright world to which I go,
 Hath joys substantial and sincere;
 When shall I wake and find me there?

- 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
 I shall be near and like my God,
 And flesh and sense no more control
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

WATTS.

341.

II. 2.

Wrestling Jacob.

- COME, O Thou Traveller unknown !
 Whom still I hold, but can not see,
 My company before is gone,
 And I am left alone with Thee ;
 With Thee all night I mean to stay,
 And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell Thee who I am :
 My misery and sin declare ;
 Thyself hast called me by my name,
 Look on Thy hands, and read it there :
 But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou ?
 Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.
- 3 In vain Thou strugglest to get free,
 I never will unloose my hold ;
 Art Thou the Man that died for me ?
 The secret of Thy love unfold ;
 Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
 Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.
- 4 Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
 Thy new unutterable name ?
 Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell ;
 To know it now resolved I am :
 Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
 Till I Thy Name, Thy nature know.

- 5 What though my shrinking flesh compl
And murmur to contend so long :
I rise superior to my pain ;
When I am weak, then I am strong !
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.
- 6 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair ;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer ;
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy Name be love.
- 7 'Tis Love ! 'tis Love !—Thou died'st for me
I hear Thy whisper in my heart ;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal Love Thou art :
To me, to all, Thy bowels move,
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
- 8 My prayer hath power with God, the gra
Unspeakable I now receive ;
Through faith I see Thee face to face ;
I see Thee face to face, and live !
In vain I have not wept and strove ;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
- 9 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art ;
Jesus the feeble sinner's friend :
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end ;
Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
- 10 The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath rose with healing in His wings :
Withered my nature's strength, from Thee
My soul its life and succor brings ;
My help is all laid up above :
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

- 1 Contented now, upon my thigh
 I halt, till life's short journey end;
 All helplessness, all weakness, I
 On Thee alone for strength depend;
 Nor have I power from Thee to move,
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.
- 2 Lame as I am, I take the prey:
 Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome,
 I leap for joy, pursue my way,
 And, as a bounding hart, fly home;
 Through all eternity to prove,
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

WEELEY.

342.

L. M.

Sabbath.

WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
 Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
 What rites, what honors shall he pay?
 How spread His sovereign name abroad?

From marble domes and gilded spires
 Shall circling clouds of incense rise,
 And gems, and gold, and garlands, deck
 The costly pomp of sacrifice?

Vain sinful man! creation's Lord
 Thy golden off'rings well may spare;
 But give thy heart, and thou shalt find,
 Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

Oh! grant us in this solemn hour,
 From earth and sin's allurements free,
 To feel Thy love, to own Thy power,
 And raise each raptured thought to Thee.

BARBAULD.

343.

II

ON the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo! the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion long in hostile lands.
 Mourning captive! God Himself shall lo-
 thy bands.

2 Lo! thy sun is risen in glory!
 God Himself appears thy friend;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee;
 Here their boasted triumph ends:
 Great deliverance Zion's King will su-
 send.

3 Enemies no more shall trouble;
 All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
 For thy shame thou shalt have double,
 In thy Maker's favor blest;
 All thy conflicts end in an eternal rest.
 K

344.

II

PEOPLE of the living God,
 I have sought the world around,
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns—
 Turns, a fugitive unblest;
 Brethren, where your altar burns,
 Oh! receive me into rest.

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
 Where you dwell shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave.

- 4 Mine the God whom you adore ;
 Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
 Earth can fill my soul no more,
 Every idol I resign.

MONTGOMERY.

345.

GOD, that madest heaven and earth,
 Darkness and light,
 Who the day for toil hath made,
 For rest the night,
 May Thine angel guards defend us,
 Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This live-long night.

- 2 Thou who dost reign in light,
 Thy children hear,
 In the solemn hour of night,
 Be to us near ;
 Then throughout eternity,
 Songs of praise we'll sing to Thee,
 To whom hallelujahs be,
 Forever more.

346.

III. 1.

IN a land of strange delight,
 My transported spirit strayed ;
 I awake where all is night,
 Silence, solitude, and shade.

- 2 Is the dream of nature flown,
 Is the universe destroyed,
 Man extinct and I alone,
 Breathing through the formless void ?

- 3 No, my soul, in God rejoice,
Through the gloom His light I see;
In the silence hear His voice,
And His hand is over me.
- 4 When I slumber in the tomb,
He will guard my resting place;
Fearless in the day of doom,
I shall see Him face to face.
- MORRIS

347.

- WHEN shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever?
- 2 Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes,
Never, no never.
- 3 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
- 4 Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill,
Never, no never.
- 5 Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour,
May we all there unite,
Happy forever.

- 6 Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never, no never.
- 7 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever !
Soon shall peace wreathe her chain,
Round us forever.
- 8 Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes,
Our songs of praise shall close,
Never, no never.
-

348.

L. M.

ANOTHER fleeting day is gone :
In solemn silence rest, my soul !
Bow down before His awful throne,
Who bids the morn and evening roll.

2 Soon shall a darker night descend,
And veil from thee yon azure skies ;
And soon shall death's oppressive hand
Lie heavy on these languid eyes.

3 Yet when beneath the dreadful shade
I lay my weary frame to rest,
That night shall not make me afraid ;
That bed the dying Saviour pressed.

4 Again emerging from the night,
I, like my risen Lord shall rise ;
Again drink in the morning light,
Pure at its fount above the skies.

COLLIER

349.

Looking to Jesus.

O SILENT Lamb ! for me Thou hast endured,
 Jesus, Thou holy, perfect, sinless One !
 Thy grief and bitter anguish have secured
 My soul's salvation when this race is run ;
 Then let me, to Thine image true,
 Thus meekly suffer with the crown in view.

2 The narrow way that leads us up to heaven,
 Must here through strife and tribulation lie ;
 Then on the thorny path may strength be
 given,
 This sinful flesh, O Lord ! to crucify.
 Oh ! take this feebleness away,
 And make me strong to meet each future day.

3 Here daily crosses come to try our weakness,
 Here every member must some burden
 bear ;
 But, O my Saviour ! if I take with meekness,
 The cross appointed by Thy love and care,
 Too great, too long it will not be,
 For it is weighed and measured out by Thee.

BOGATZKI

350.

L. M.

GOD of my life ! Thy boundless grace
 Chose, pardoned, and adopted me ;
 My rest, my home, my dwelling place ;
 Father ! I come, I come to Thee.

2 Jesus my hope, my rock, my shield,
 Whose precious blood was shed for me ;
 Into Thy hands my soul I yield ;
 Saviour ! I come, I come to Thee.

- 3 Spirit of glory, and of God,
Long hast Thou deigned my guide to be,
Now be Thy comfort sweet bestowed;
My God! I come, I come to Thee.
- 4 I come to join that countless host
Who praise Thy name unceasingly;
Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
My God! I come, I come to Thee.
-

351.

- FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In gracious power come down:
Save this child by nature lost,
And take *him* for Thine own.
Hear us, sinful worms of earth,
While on *his* behalf we pray;
Grant *him* that celestial birth,
No water can convey.
- 2 Vain is every outward rite
Unless Thy grace be given;
Nothing but Thy life and light
Can form a soul for heaven.
Jesus, Thou wast once a child
Bid this infant come to Thee;
Thine alone may he be sealed
To all eternity.
- 3 Let Thy promised inward grace
Accompany the sign;
On his new-born soul impress
The glorious name divine.
Father, now Thy love reveal,
Jesus, now Thy mind impart;
Holy Ghost, renew and dwell
Forever in His heart.

352.

II. 5.

ONE sole baptismal sign,
 One Lord, below, above—
 Zion, one faith is thine,
 Only one watchword—love.
 From different temples though it rise,
 One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our sacrifice is one ;
 One Priest before the throne—
 The slain, the risen Son,
 Redeemer Lord alone :
 And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
 Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 Head of Thy Church beneath,
 The Catholic, the true ;
 On all Thy members breathe—
 Her broken frame renew :
 Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
 When Christians love and live as one.
 G. ROBINSON.

353.

L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God my King,
 To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing ;
 To show Thy love by morning light,
 And tell of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
 Oh ! may my heart in time be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.

- 3 My soul shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
His works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep His counsels, how divine!
- 4 Oh! let me share a glorious part,
Let grace divine refine my heart;
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

WATTS.

354.

II. 2.

- T**HERE is a thought can lift the soul
Above the narrow sphere that bounds it—
A star that sheds its mild control,
Brightest when grief's dark cloud surrounds it:
And pours a soft pervading ray,
Life's ills can never chase away.
- 2 When earthly joys have left the breast,
And e'en the last fond hope that's cherished
Of mortal bliss, too, like the rest,
Beneath woe's withering touch has perished,
With fadeless lustre streams that light,
A halo on the brow of night.
 - 3 And bitter were our sojourn here
In this dark wilderness of sorrow,
Did not that rainbow beam appear,
The herald of a brighter morrow—
A friendly beacon from on high
To guide us to eternity.

355.

8

MY times are in Thy hand ;
 My God, I wish them there ;
 My life, my friends, my soul I leave
 Entirely to Thy care.

2 My times are in Thy hand,
 Whatever they may be ;
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
 As best may seem to Thee.

3 My times are in Thy hand :
 Why should I doubt or fear ?
 My Father's hand will never cause
 His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in Thy hand,
 Jesus, the crucified ;
 The hand my cruel sins had pierced
 Is now my guard and guide.

5 My times are in Thy hand,
 Jesus, my Advocate ;
 Nor shall Thy hand be stretched in vain
 For me to supplicate.

6 My times are in Thy hand ;
 I'll always trust in Thee ;
 And after death, at Thy right hand,
 I shall forever be.

356.

IV

TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
 My soul is in haste to be gone :
 Oh ! bear me, ye cherubim, up,
 And waft me away to His throne.

My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power;

- 2 Dissolve Thou these bonds, that detain
My soul from her portion in Thee;
Oh! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in Thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline;
- 3 Oh! then shall the veil be removed,
And round me Thy brightness be poured;
I shall meet Him whom absent I loved
I shall see, whom unseen I adored.
And then, never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.
- 4 Or, if yet remembered above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise;
They will be but new signs of Thy love,
New themes for my wonder and praise.
Thus the strokes which from sin and from
pain,
Shall set me eternally free
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain
Which binds me, my Saviour, to Thee.

COWPER.

357.

II. 6.

REJOICE, rejoice, believers,
And let your lights appear,
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near;

The Bridegroom is arising,
 And soon He draweth nigh;
 Up! pray and watch and wrestle,
 At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
 Replenish them with oil;
 And wait for your salvation,
 The end of earthly toil.
 The watchers on the mountains,
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
 Go meet Him as He cometh,
 With hallelujahs clear.

3 Ye saints who here in patience,
 Your cross and sufferings bore;
 Shall live and reign forever,
 Where sorrow is no more.
 Around the throne of glory,
 The Lamb ye shall behold;
 In triumph cast before Him
 Your diadems of gold.

4 Our hope and expectation,
 O Jesus! now appear;
 Arise! thou sun so longed for,
 O'er this benighted sphere.
 With hearts and hands uplifted,
 We plead O Lord! to see
 The day of earth's redemption,
 That brings us unto Thee.

GERMA

 358.

L. 1

THE ransomed spirit to her home,
 The clime of cloudless beauty, flies;
 No more on stormy seas to roam,
 She hails her haven in the skies.

But cheerless are those heavenly fields,
 That cloudless clime no pleasure yields,
 There is no bliss in bowers above,
 If Thou art absent, holy Love !

2 The cherub near the viewless throne,
 Hath smote the harp with trembling hand;
 And one with incense-fire hath flown,
 To touch with flame the angel band.
 But tuneless is the quivering string,
 No melody can Gabriel bring ;
 Mute are its arches, when above,
 The harps of heaven wake not to love.

3 Earth, sea, and sky one language speak,
 In harmony that soothes the soul ;
 'Tis heard when scarce the zephyrs wake,
 And when on thunders, thunders roll.
 That voice is heard, and tumults cease,
 It whispers to the bosom, peace :
 Speak, Thou Inspirer from above,
 And cheer our hearts, celestial Love.

TAPPAN.



359.

S. M.

“FOREVER with the Lord !”
 Amen ! so let it be :
 Life from the dead is in the word :
 'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam !
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent,
 A day's march nearer home.

- 3 My Father's house on high !
 Home of my soul—how near,
 At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
 Thy golden gates appear !
- 4 Ah ! then my spirit faints,
 To reach the land I love ;
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above !
- 5 Oh ! when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain ;
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.
- 6 " Knowing as I am known !"
 How shall I love that word—
 And oft repeat before the throne
 " Forever with the Lord."

MONTGOMERY

360.

II.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
 From God is all my aid ;
 The God that built the skies,
 And earth and nature made.
 God is the tower
 To which I fly ;
 His grace is nigh
 In every hour.

- 2 My feet shall never slide,
 And fall in fatal snares ;
 Since God, my guard and guide,
 Defends me from my fears.

Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep
When dangers raise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there.
Thou art my sun,
And Thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Hast Thou not given Thy word,
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my soul from death.
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call'st me home.

WATTS.

361.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children who feel their sins forgiven,
A holy, happy band—
Singing glory! glory! glory be to God on
high!

- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
 See every one arrayed ;
 Dwelling in everlasting light,
 And joys that never fade.
 Singing glory ! glory ! glory be to God on
 high !
- 3 What brought them to that world above ?
 That heaven so bright and fair ;
 Where all is peace and joy and love ?
 How came those children there,
 Singing glory ! glory ! glory be to God on
 high !
- 4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
 To wash away their sin ;
 Bathed in this pure and precious flood
 Behold them white and clean,
 Singing glory ! glory ! glory be to God on
 high !
- 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
 On earth they loved His name ;
 So now they see His blessed face,
 And stand before the Lamb,
 Singing glory ! glory ! glory be to God on
 high !

362.

L. M.

FAREWELL, dear friends, I must begone,
 I have no home nor stay with you ;
 I'll take my staff and travel on,
 Till I a better world shall view.
*I'll march to Canaan's land,
 I'll land on Canaan's shore,
 Where pleasures never end,
 And troubles come no more.
 Farewell, farewell, farewell,
 My loving friends, farewell.*

- 2 Farewell my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal's care or bliss;
I leave you here and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
- 3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love;
Yet we believe His gracious word,
We all shall meet Him soon above.
- 4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heaven;
You've counted all things new but dross.
Fight on! the crown shall soon be given.
-

363.

S. M.

LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee.

- 2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to Thee thine own;
And from this moment live or die,
To serve my God alone.

WESLEY.

364.

L. M.

Sabbath Evening.

BLEST Sabbath eve! thy holy calm,
How welcome to the weary breast;
How sweetly sounds the household psalm,
Which lulls thy sacred hours to rest.

- 2 This day within Thy courts, O Lord !
Thy waiting saints have met with The
Our eyes have seen, our ears have heard
What prophets longed to hear and see
- 3 A thousand days may not compare
With one which in Thy courts we spend
May every day that finds us there,
To life a holier impulse lend.
- 4 Through every scene of worldly strife,
A Sabbath blessing with us go ;
In every day of common life,
A Sabbath spirit may we show.
- 5 Within Thine earthly courts, may we
With grace for earthly work be blest ;
Till in Thy house above, we see,
The Sabbath of our endless rest.

365.

IV.

- O**H! had I the wings of a dove,
I'd make my escape and be gone ;
I'd mix with the spirits above,
Who encompass yon heavenly throne.
I'd fly from all labor and toil,
To the place where the weary have rest :
I'd haste from contention and broil,
To the peaceful abodes of the blest.
- 2 How happy are they who no more
Have to feel the assault of the foe !
Arrived on the heavenly shore,
They have left all their conflicts below ;
They are far from all danger and fear,
While remembrance enhances their joy
As the storm, when escaped, doth endear
The retreat that the haven supplies.

3 Around that magnificent throne,
 Where the Lamb all His glory displays,
 United forever in one,
 His people are singing His praise :
 How holy, how happy are they,
 No tongue can express their delight ;
 My soul now unwilling to stay,
 Prepares for her heavenly flight.

4 But no ! my desire is not good,
 Impatience, not faith, is its source ;
 While He who redeemed me with blood,
 Still says to me, " Carry the Cross."
 O Lord ! let me think of the day,
 When Thou wast rejected of men ;
 And put the base wish far away,
 And never be fearful again.

5 Nor less my perverseness forgive,
 That when ease and prosperity come ;
 Thy servant is willing to live,
 And his exile prefers to his home.
 Ah ! Lord ! what a sinner am I,
 My hope is in mercy alone ;
 Forgive me, forgive me, I cry,
 Still count me through grace for Thine own.
KELLEY.

O H ! the hour when this material
 Shall have vanished like a cloud ;
 When amid the wide ethereal,
 All the invisible shall crowd.

- And the naked soul surrounded
With realities unknown,
Triumph in the view unbounded,
Feel herself with God alone.
- 2 In that sudden strange transition,
By what new and finer sense ;
Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
And receive its influence ?
Angels, guard the new immortal
Through the wonder-teeming space,
To the everlasting portal—
To the spirit's resting place.
- 3 Will she there no fond emotion,
Naught of earthly love, retain ?
Or absorbed in pure devotion,
Will no mortal trace remain ?
Can the grave those ties dis sever
With the very heart-strings twined,
Must she part, and part forever
With the friends she leaves behind ?
- 4 No ! the past she still remembers ;
Faith and hope surviving too,
Ever watch the sleeping embers,
Which must rise and live anew.
For the widowed lonely spirit,
Incomplete till clothed afresh—
Longs perfection to inherit,
Longs to triumph in the flesh.
- 5 Angels, let the ransomed stranger
In your tender care be blest ;
Hoping, trusting, free from danger,
Till the trumpet end her rest.
Till the trump which shakes creation,
Through the circling heavens shall roll,
Till the day of consummation,
Till the bridal of the soul.

- 6 Can I trust a fellow-being
 Can I trust an *angel's* care?
 Oh! Thou merciful, all-seeing
 Shine around my spirit there.
 Jesus! blessed Mediator,
 Thou the airy path hast trod;
 Thou the Judge, the Consummator,
 Shepherd of the fold of God.
- 7 Blessed fold! no foe can enter,
 And no friend departeth thence;
 Jesus is their sun, their centre,
 And their shield Omnipotence.
 Blessed, for the Lamb shall feed them,
 All their tears shall wipe away,
 To the living fountains lead them
 Till fruition's perfect day.
- 8 Lo! it comes—that day of wonder,
 Louder chorals shake the skies;
 Gates of death are burst asunder,
 See the new-clothed myriads rise.
 Thought, repress thy weak endeavor,
 Here must reason prostrate fall;
 Oh! the ineffable forever!
 And the eternal all-in-all!

GLORY, glory, everlasting,
 G Be to Him who bore the cross;
 Who redeemed our souls by tasting
 Death—the death deserved by us;
 Spread His glory,
 Who redeemed His people thus.

- 2 His is love—'tis love unbounded,
 Without measure, without end;
 Human thought is here confounded,
 'Tis too vast to comprehend;
 Praise the Saviour,
 Magnify the sinner's Friend!
- 3 While we hear the wondrous story
 Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
 Sing we "everlasting glory
 Be to God and to the Lamb;"
 Saints and angels,
 Give ye glory to His name.
-

368. '

C. M.

- L**ORD Jesus, are we one with Thee?
 O height, O depth of love!
 One with us on the cursed tree?
 We one with Thee above?
- 2 Such was Thy grace, that, for our sake,
 Thou didst from heaven come down;
 Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
 In all our misery one.
- 3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
 Confessed and borne by Thee;
 The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine
 To set Thy members free.
- 4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
 Still one with us Thou art;
 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height
 Thy saints and Thee can part.
- 5 Oh! teach us, Lord, to know and own
 This wondrous mystery;
 That Thou with us art truly one,
 And we are one with Thee.

- 6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
Where, seated on Thy Throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That Thou with us art one.
-

369.

C. M.

IN yon blest plains, where Jesus reigns,
And lasting joys abound,
I long to be, that I may see
My Lord with glory crowned.

- 2 Then shall I rest upon his breast,
And ever see His face ;
With ceaseless joy my powers employ
In singing forth His praise.

- 3 O Jesus ! now one smile bestow,
To cheer me on my way ;
In Thee I hope, hold Thou me up,
Lest I should go astray.
-

370.

C. M.

DWELL not, my searching soul,
On ritual shadows now ;
Christ is the Lamb all pure and whole ;
The ransomed first-born thou.

- 2 Now get thy house within,
Slay, eat, anoint thy door ;
The dread avenger comes not in
To smite, but passeth o'er.

- 3 He looks and calls from high,
Art thou to die or live ?
He hears the posts and lintels cry,
Forgive, forgive, forgive.

- 4 I hear the accuser roar,
Of ills that I have done ;
I know them well, and thousands more;
Jehovah findeth none.
- 5 Sin, Satan, Death, press near,
To harass and appal ;
Let but my Advocate appear,
Backward they go and fall.
- 6 Before, behind, around,
They set their fierce array,
To fight and force me from my ground,
Along Emmanuel's way.
- 7 I meet them face to face,
Through Jesus' conquest blest ;
March in the triumph of His grace,
Right onward to my rest.
- 8 There in His book I bear
A more than conqueror's name—
A soldier, son, and fellow-heir,
Who fought and overcame.
- 9 This be the victor's name,
Who fought our fight alone ;
Triumphant saints no honor claim,
Their conquest was His own.

371.

III. 2.

WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun ;
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story ;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

- 2 When I hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall,
When I see them start and shrink
On the fiery deluge brink :
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.
- 3 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own ;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart ;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then—how much I owe.
- 4 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud ;
But when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light ;
Blessed Jesus ! bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe.
- 5 When in flowery paths I tread,
Oft by sin I'm captive led ;
Oft I fall—but still arise—
The Spirit comes—the tempter flies ;
Blessed Spirit ! bid me show
Weary sinners all I owe.
- 6 Oft the nights of sorrow reign,
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain ;
But a night Thine anger burns,
Morning comes and joy returns ;
God of comforts ! bid me show
To Thy poor how much I owe.

372.

II. 4

COME, my fond fluttering heart,
 Come, struggle to be free ;
 Thou and the world must part,
 However hard it be :
 My trembling spirit owns it just,
 But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

2 Ye tempting sweets, forbear,
 Ye dearest idols, fall ;
 My love ye must not share,
 Jesus shall have it all :
 'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,
 But ah ! thou must consent, my heart.

3 Ye fair enchanting throng !
 Ye golden dreams, farewell !
 Earth has prevailed too long,
 And now I break the spell :
 Ye cherished joys of early years—
 Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

4 But must I part with all ?
 My heart still fondly pleads :
 Yes, Dagon's self must fall,
 It beats, it throbs, it bleeds.
 Is there no balm in Gilead found,
 To soothe and heal the smarting wound ?

5 Oh ! yes, there is a balm,
 A kind physician there ;
 My fevered mind to calm,
 To bid me not despair :
 Aid me, dear Saviour ; set me free,
 And I will all resign to Thee.

- 6 Oh! may I feel Thy worth,
 And let no idol dare;
 No vanity of earth,
 With Thee, my Lord, compare.
 Now bid all worldly joys depart,
 And reign supremely in my heart.

JANE TAYLOR.

373.

L. M.

A H! my dear Lord! whose changeless love
 To me, nor earth nor hell can part;
 When shall my feet forget to rove?
 Ah! what shall fix this faithless heart.

- 2 Why do these cares my soul divide,
 If Thou indeed hast set me free?
 Why am I thus, if Thou hast died,
 If Thou hast died to ransom me?
- 3 Around me clouds of darkness roll,
 In deepest night I still walk on;
 Heavily moves my fainting soul,
 My comfort and my God are gone.
- 4 O Love! Thy sovereign aid impart,
 And guard the gifts Thyself hast given;
 My portion Thou; my treasure art,
 And life, and happiness, and heaven.
- 5 Would aught with Thee my wishes share,
 Though dear as life the idol be,
 The idol from my breast I'll tear,
 Resolved to seek my all from Thee.
- 6 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
 To Thee, my Lord, I here restore;
 Gladly I all, for Thee resign,
 Give me Thyself, I ask no more.

374.

II. 3.

OH! draw me, Saviour, after Thee,
 So shall I run, and never tire;
 With gracious words still comfort me,
 Be Thou my hope, my sole desire.
 Free from every weight; nor fear,
 Nor sin can come, if Thou art here.

2 From all eternity with love
 Unchangeable Thou hast me viewed;
 Ere knew this beating heart to move,
 Thy tender mercies me pursued:
 Ever with me may they abide,
 And close me in on every side.

3 In suffering be Thy love my peace,
 In weakness be Thy love my power:
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that important hour,
 In death, in life, be Thou my guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died!

375.

WHAT though time on earth were over?
 Not on time our hopes depend;
 Lo! beyond it we discover,
 Life that never knows an end.
 'Mid the woes that life attend,
 Still for rest we turn to Thee:
 God a father and a friend,
 Changeless, in His Son we see.

2 Father still in all our need, •
 Father still in weal or woe;
 Father even of the dead,
 When into the grave we go.

Change may toss us to and fro,
 Changeless He in whom we trust :
 Even our flesh His care shall know,
 When our bodies turn to dust.

- 3 Then let days and years be fleeting,
 Swiftly pass our joys and woes ;
 'Mid the changes we are meeting,
 God, our God, no changes knows.
 Ours be then a life that shows,
 That conducted by His hand,
 We shall enter at its close,
 Our beloved father-land.

376.

The Ascension.

RISE, glorious Conqueror, rise,
 Into Thy native skies—
 Assume Thy right ;
 And when in many a fold,
 The clouds are backward rolled,
 Pass through those gates of gold,
 And reign in light !

- 2 Victor o'er death and hell !
 Cherubic legions swell
 The radiant train ;
 Praises all heaven inspire—
 Each angel sweeps his lyre,
 And waves his wings of fire :
 Thou Lamb once slain !

- 3 Enter, incarnate God !
 No feet but Thine have trod
 The serpent down :
 Blow the full trumpets, blow !
 Wider yon portals throw !
 Saviour—triumphant—go,
 And take Thy crown !

- 4 Lion of Judah, hail !
 And let Thy name prevail,
 From age to age :
 Lord of the rolling years,
 Claim for Thine own the spheres ;
 For Thou hast bought with tears
 Thy heritage.
- 5 Yet, who are these behind,
 In number more than mind
 Can count or say :
 Clothed in immortal stoles,
 Illumining the poles—
 A galaxy of souls,
 In white array ?
- 6 And then was heard afar,
 Star answering to star :
 Lo ! these have come ;
 Followers of Him who gave
 His life their lives to save ;
 And now their palms they wave—
 Brought safely home.
- 7 O Lord ! ascend Thy throne !
 For Thou shalt rule alone,
 Beside Thy Sire ;
 With the great Paraclete—
 The three in One complete—
 Before whose awful feet
 All foes expire !

BAYDGE.

377.

THE God of Abraham praise,
 Whose all-sufficient grace
 Shall guide me all my happy days,
 In all His ways.

- He calls a worm His friend,
 He calls Himself my God;
 And He shall save me to the end,
 Through Jesus' blood.
- 2 Though nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand;
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
 At God's command.
 The watery deep I pass,
 With Jesus in my view;
 And through the howling wilderness
 My way pursue.
- 3 The goodly land I see,
 With peace and plenty blest;
 The land of sacred liberty,
 And endless rest.
 There milk and honey flow,
 And oil and wine abound;
 And trees of life forever grow
 With mercy crowned.
- 4 Before the great Three One
 They all exulting stand;
 And tell the wonders He hath done,
 Through all their land.
 The listening spheres attend,
 And swell the growing fame,
 And sing in songs which never end,
 The wondrous name.
- 5 Before the Saviour's face,
 The ransomed nations bow;
 O'erwhelmed with His Almighty grace,
 Forever new:
 He shows His prints of love—
 They kindle to a flame;
 And sound through all the worlds above,
 The slaughtered Lamb.*

OLIVERA

The other verses of this Hymn may be found in the
 1st Book Selection.

378.

0 SAVIOUR! when Thy beauteous feet
 Were heard in Salem's ancient street,
 Far rang the joyful tidings fleet,
 And Zion's song once more was sweet:
 Hosanna!

2 The sick came forth with tottering tread;
 Kind brethren bore the cripple's bed;
 Some gentle hand the blind man led,
 And loved ones called Thee to their dead:
 Hosanna!

3 Still stood the maniac's quivering frame,
 Beside Thy path lay down the lame,
 Near and yet near the leper came,
 Nor shrank the weeping child of shame:
 Hosanna!

4 And all were healed! they rose; they ran;
 They lived anew time's little span;
 The life of heaven on earth began,
 And God and angels walked with man:
 Hosanna!

5 Healer of souls, oh! heal Thou me!
 And ope mine eyes, Thy face to see;
 And bend the grateful leper's knee;
 And let me live, and live for Thee!
 Hosanna!

6 Then, I will journey on in light,
 And Thy dear steps shall guide me right,
 Till I shall trail my robes of white
 On thy pure city's pavement bright:
 Hosanna!

By. B. B. B.

379.

SINCE o'er Thy footstool here below,
 Such radiant gems are strewn,
 Oh! what magnificence must glow,
 My God, about Thy throne!
 So brilliant *here* those drops of light—
 There the full ocean rolls, how bright!

2 If night's blue curtain of the sky
 With thousand stars inwrought,
 Hung like a royal canopy
 With glittering diamonds fraught—
 Be, Lord, Thy temple's outer veil,
 What splendor at the shrine must dwell!

3 The dazzling sun at noontide hour,
 Forth from his flaming vase,
 Flinging o'er earth the golden shower,
 Till vale and mountain blaze—
 But shows, O Lord! one beam of Thine:
 What then the *day where Thou dost shine!*

4 Ah! how shall these dim eyes endure
 That noon of living rays,
 Or how my spirit so impure,
 Upon Thy glory gaze?
 Anoint, O Lord! anoint my sight,
 And robe me for that world of light!

MUHLENBERG.

380.

IV. 4.

Epiphany, Isaiah 60.

RISE, daughter of Zion, thy mourning is o'er,
 The night that hath veiled thee shall veil
 thee no more;

Wear the robes of the morning, arise th
and shine,
For the beauty and light of Jehovah
thine.

2 Oh ! lift up thine eyes, look around thee :
see
How thy children are gathering together
thee,
Like doves on the wing, flying home to
blest
At thine altar, with peace, in thy bosom
with rest.

3 From the sea's farthest shores, and like its
tide,
The nations new-born, how they flock to t
side,
To freedom forth springing, thy light havi
seen,
They own thee a mother, and hail thee
queen.

4 Who wasted thee once, humbly kneel at t
throne,
Rejoicing thy sceptre of mercy to own :
And the proud ones that hailed not the da
of thy day,
In the blaze of its noon shall but wither aw

5 In thy kingdom of love shall all violen
cease ;
Thine exactors be justice, thine officers pea
All righteous thy people, all truth be t
ways,
Salvation thy bulwarks, thy portals be prai

- 6 Jehovah thy beauty, thy brightness, thy
 crown,
 Thy moon shall ne'er wane, and thy sun ne'er
 go down,
 And the tide of thy glory, no ebbing to
 know,
 From ages eternal to ages shall flow.

MUHLENBERG.

381.

III. 1.

Thy Kingdom Come.

KING of kings, and wilt Thou deign
 O'er this wayward heart to reign,
 Henceforth take it for Thy throne,
 Rule here, Lord, and rule alone?

- 2 Then like heaven's angelic bands,
 Waiting for Thine high commands,
 All my power shall wait on Thee,
 Captive yet divinely free.
- 3 At Thy word my will shall bow,
 Judgment, reason, bending low,
 Hope, desire, and every thought,
 Into glad obedience brought.
- 4 Zeal shall haste with eager wings,
 Hourly some new gift to bring;
 Wisdom humbly casting down
 At Thy feet her golden crown.
- 5 Tuned by Thee in sweet accord,
 All shall sing their precious Lord;
 Love like Thine own Seraphim,
 Leading on the blissful hymn.

6 Be it so—my heart Thy throne,
 All my powers Thy sceptre own;
 And like them on heaven's bright hill,
 Live rejoicing in Thy will.

MUHLENBERG.

382.

IV. 4.

"I would not live alway."—JOB 7 : 16.

I WOULD not live alway—live alway below!
 Oh! no, I'll not linger, when bidden to go.
 The days of our pilgrimage granted us here,
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its
 cheer.

Would I shrink from the path which the pro-
 phets of God,
 Apostles and martyrs, so joyfully trod?
 While brethren and friends are all hastening
 home,
 Like a spirit unblest, o'er the earth would I
 roam?

2 I would not live alway—I ask not to stay,
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
 way;
 Where seeking for peace, we but hover
 around,
 Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is
 found;
 Where hope when she paints her gay bow in
 the air,
 Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of
 despair,
 And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad
 ray,
 Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him
 away.

3 I would not live alway—thus fettered by sin;
Temptation without, and corruption within;
In a moment of strength, if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory's mine ere I'm captive
again.

E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with
fears,

And my cup of thanksgiving with penitent
tears;

The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,

But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

4 I would not live alway—no, welcome the
tomb;

Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its
gloom;

Where He deigned to sleep, I'll too bow my
head,

All peaceful to slumber on that hallowed bed.

And then the glad dawn soon to follow that
night,

When the sunrise of glory shall beam on my
sight,

When the full matin song, as the sleepers
arise

To shout in the morning, shall peal through
the skies.

5 Who, who would live alway? away from his
God,

Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,

Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,

Their Saviour and brethren transported to
greet,

While the songs of salvation exultingly ro
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of
soul.

- 6 That heavenly music! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet in
air;
And see, soft unfolding, those portals of go
The King all arrayed in His beauty behok
Oh! give me, oh! give me the wings of a do
Let me hasten my flight to those mansio
above:
Ay, 'tis now that my soul on swift pinic
would soar,
And in ecstasy bid earth adieu evermore.

MURPHY

383.

L.

WHEN he who from the scourge of wrong
Aroused the Hebrew tribes to fly;
Saw the fair region promised long,
And bowed him on the hills to die.

- 2 God made his grave to men unknown,
Where Moab's rocks a vale inclose;
And laid the aged seer alone,
To slumber there in long repose.
- 3 Thus still, whene'er the good and just
Close the dim eye on life and pain;
Heaven watches o'er their sleeping dust,
Till the pure spirit comes again.
- 4 Though nameless, silent, and forgot,
His servants' lowly ashes lie;
Yet God has marked and sealed the spot,
To call its inmate to the sky.

BETA

384.

C. M.

THERE is a good and pleasant land,
On this side Jordan's stream ;
Where happy saints delighted stand,
And bask in glory's beam.

2 Lord, let me know, before I die,
The wonders of Thy hand ;
And let me see, with mortal eye,
That good and pleasant land.

3 My Saviour, tell me Thou art mine,
And let me understand
How bright Thy love and mercy shine
Within that pleasant land.

4 And when Thy sovereign voice shall say,
"This land is not thy rest ;
Arise, depart, and come away,
To realms completely blest ;"

5 Then shall my terrors all have ceased,
Thy footprints I shall see,
My Lord, my God, my great High Priest,
And I will pass to thee !

6 And if I found upon the way
A good and pleasant land ;
What shall I find, when I survey
The joys at Thy right hand ?

385.*Nearer to Thee.*

ALONG the mountain track of life,
Along the weary lea,
O'er rocks, 'mid storm, in joy or strife,
Let this my heart-cry be :
"Nearer to Thee ! nearer to Thee !"

- 2 This pilgrim-path by Thee was trod,
 Jesus, my King, by Thee !
 Traced by Thy feet, Thy tears, Thy blood,
 In love, in death, for me—
 Oh ! bring my soul “ nearer to Thee ! ”
- 3 Let every step, let every thought,
 Sweet memories bear of Thee !
 And hear the soul Thy love hath bought,
 Whose way-cry oft shall be :
 “ Nearer to Thee ! nearer to Thee ! ”
- 4 Thou wilt ! Thou dost ! a still small voice
 Teacheth of faith in Thee !
 Of hope that might in grief rejoice,
 If still the way-cry be :
 “ Nearer to Thee ! nearer to Thee ! ”
- 5 Yet a few days, to me, perhaps,
 And time no more shall be ;
 But boundless love can know no lapse,
 Thou art Eternity !
 Draw Thou my soul “ nearer to Thee ! ”
- 6 Be it the heaven I hope above,
 To live and move in Thee !
 Oh ! by Thy past, Thy promised love,
 Grant these blest words to me :
 “ Ascend, forgiven, ‘ nearer to Thee ! ’ ”

THERE is a stream that maketh bright
 A city far away ;
 Where neither morning is, nor night ;
 For God Himself is day.

- 2 That stream no parching noon may stop ;
Better and holier far
Is its least shining water-drop,
Than mountain torrents are.
- 3 Is there a wish in heart and mind,
To drink that stream and live ?
Go, child of man, thy Saviour find ;
He will its waters give.
- 4 Whene'er we hear His holy word,
If we but hear aright ;
But ask aright of Christ our Lord,
We drink those waters bright.
- 5 Morning and eve, when thou art taught
To know God's blessed will ;
Unto thy very lips are brought
Drops from the living rill.
- 6 Drink then, till God shall call thee home,
Unto that city fair ;
Where thirst and pain can never come,
Because His throne is there.
- 7 And ever through the holy place,
The living waters go ;
To light and comfort every face,
That sees their silver flow.

TAYL

IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie ;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh ;

- 2 Oh! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him, who died our fears to quell—
Who bore our guilt and woe!
- 3 While yet in anguish He surveyed
Those pangs He would not flee,
What love His latest words displayed—
“Meet and remember me!”
- 4 Remember Thee—Thy death, Thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
Oh! memory leaves no other name
But His recorded there.

NOEL.

388.

C.M.

Ministering to Christ.

“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”—MATT. 25 : 40.

- O H! when some tender, gracious word,
Some glimpse of life above,
Our hearts' deep impulses hath stirred
To generous grateful love—
When errant thought, a moment free
From earthly, selfish aim,
Returns, O Saviour Lord! to Thee,
And breathes alone Thy name;
- 2 What would we give, with her of old,
To pour love's treasures forth,
In contrite tears, the soul's choice gold,
And spikenard's costly worth;

To kiss with her Thy sacred feet,
 And catch those notes of heaven
 From thine own lips—assurance sweet:
 “Much loving—much forgiven.”

3 Or weary, homeless, as Thou wert
 In all Thy sojourn here,
 How would it thrill our bounding heart
 But once Thy way to cheer:
 To spread for Thee the plenteous feast,
 Or humblest need relieve—
 Thy human wants, the lowest, least—
 Lord, what would we not give!

4 Then, then, for faith, meek, childlike faith,
 To take Thee at thy word:
 “Done to my brethren,” thus it saith,
 “Thou dost it to thy Lord;
 Naked, sick, prison-bound are they—
 Clothe, comfort, set them free;
 My lineaments their griefs portray,
 Thou minist’rest to me.”

5 Lord, I believe! Oh! day by day,
 To sad or lonely cell,
 By crowded lane, by dreary way,
 Lead me where Thou dost dwell!
 That languid form—that wan, pale cheek—
 I see Thee suppliant prove;
 Joy, joy, my heart, to music wake,
 The life of Life is love!

A. A.

389.

L.M.

THUS far the Lord hath led me on;
 Thus far His power prolongs my days,
 And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorials of His grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

WATTS

390.

"Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."
LUKE 24: 29.

A BIDE with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness thickens. Lord, with me
abide;

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh! abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see—
O Thou who changest not! abide with me.

3 Not a brief glance I crave, a passing word;
But as thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord—
Familiar, condescending, patient, free;
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

- 4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy
wings—
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.
- 5 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And though rebellious and perverse mean-
while,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord! abide with me.
- 6 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh! abide with
me.
- 7 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is Death's sting? Where, Grave, the
victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 8 Hold thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to
the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord! abide with me.

LYRA.

 391.

BY faith I see my Saviour dying
On the tree;
To every nation he is crying,
Look to me;

He bids ye guilty now draw near,
Repent, believe, dismiss your fear;
Hark, hark, what precious words I hear,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Think on me?
And did He snatch my soul from ruin;
Can it be!
Oh! yes, He did salvation bring,
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

3 Jesus the mighty God hath spoken
Peace to me;
Now all my chains of sin are broken,
I am free.
Soon as I in His name believed,
The Holy Spirit I received;
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 Jesus, my weary soul refreshes—
It is He;
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me.
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove:
All may enjoy a Saviour's love—
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

5 This precious truth, ye sinners, hear it—
Come and see!
Ye ministers of God declare it—
Come and see!
Visit the heathen's dark abode,
And spread the glorious news abroad,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

- 6 Long as I live I'll still be crying
Unto Thee,
And this shall be my theme when dying—
Mercy's free.
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
-

392.

- A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon ;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient Prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell ;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour—
On earth is not his fellow.
- 2 With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden ;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, who is this same ?
Christ Jesus is His name,
The Lord, Zebaoth's Son,
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.
- 3 And were the world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore,
Not they can overpower us ;

And let the Prince of ill,
 Look grim as e'er he will,
 He harms us not a whit ;
 For why ? His doom is writ—
 A word shall quickly slay him.

- 4 God's word, for all their craft and force,
 One moment will not linger,
 But spite of hell shall have its course—
 'Tis written by His finger ;
 And though they take our life,
 Goods, honor, children, wife,
 Yet is their profit small—
 These things shall vanish all,
 The Church of God remaineth.*

LUTHER

* This is the celebrated War and Victory-Hymn of the Evangelical faith, written the year before the Diet of Augsburg. Translated by Carlyle.

XVI. AFFLICTION.

EVERY SUFFERING, MENTAL OR BODILY.

393.

C. M.

The Sympathy of Jesus.

'For we have not an high priest which can not be touched with the sting of our infirmities ; but was in all points tempted like as we are, & without sin.'—HEB. 4 : 15.

JESUS, my sorrow lies too deep
 For human sympathy,
 It knows not how to tell itself
 To any but to Thee.

2 Thou dost remember, amidst all
 The glories of Thy throne,
 The sorrows of humanity,
 For they were once Thine own.

8 Yes, and as if Thou wouldst be God
 Even in misery,
 Thou'st left no sorrow, but Thine own,
 Untouched by sympathy.

4 Jesus, my fainting spirit brings
 Its fearfulness to Thee ;
 Thine eye alone can penetrate
 The clouded mystery.

5 And is it not enough, O Lord !
 Thy holy sympathy !
 That sorrow can not be too deep,
 That I may bring to Thee.

394.

IV. 5.

- O** SAVIOUR ! whose mercy, severe in its
 kindness,
 Hath chastened my wanderings and guided
 my way,
 Adored be the power that pitied my blind-
 ness,
 And weaned me from phantoms that smil-
 ed to betray.
- 2 Enchanted with all that was dazzling and
 fair,
 I followed the rainbow—I caught at the
 toy ;
 And still in displeasure Thy goodness was
 there,
 Disappointing the hope and defeating the
 joy.
- 3 The blossom blushed bright, but a worm was
 below ;
 The moonlight shone fair, there was blight
 in the beam,
 Sweet whispered the breeze, but it whispered
 of woe ;
 And bitterness flowed in the soft flowing
 stream.

4 So cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,
I turned to the refuge Thy pity displayed;
And still did this eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of promise that bloomed
but to fade.

5 I thought that the course of the Pilgrim to
heaven,
Would be bright as the summer and glad
as the morn;
Thou showed me the path, it was dark and
uneven,
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with
thorn.

6 I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown,
I grasped at the triumph that blesses the
brave;
I asked for the palm-branch, the robe and the
crown,
I asked and Thou showedst me a cross and
a grave!

7 Subdued and instructed, at length to Thy will
My hopes and my wishes, my all I resign;
Oh! give me a heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but
Thine.

8 There are mansions exempted from sin and
from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals un-
trod,
There are rivers of joy—but they roll not be-
low
There is rest—but it dwells in the presence
of God.

GRANT.

395.

L. M.

WAIT, O my soul ! thy Maker's will ;
 Tumultous passions, all be still,
 Nor let a murmuring thought arise ;
 His ways are just, His counsel wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
 Performs His work the cause conceals ;
 But though His methods are unknown,
 Judgment and truth support His throne.

3 In heaven and earth, and air and seas,
 He executes His firm decrees ;
 And by His saints it stands confessed,
 That what He does is ever best.

4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
 Prostrate before His awful seat ;
 And midst the terror of His rod,
 Trust in a wise and gracious God.

BEDDOME.

396.

L. M.

CEASE thou from man ; oh ! what to thee
 Can thy poor fellow mortals be ?
 Are they not erring, finite, frail ?
 What can their utmost aid avail ?

2 Their very love will prove a snare ;
 Then when thy heart becomes aware
 Of its own danger, it will bleed,
 For leaning on a broken reed.

3 Why does thy bliss so much depend
 On earthly relative or friend ?
 There is a Friend who changes never,
 The love He gives He gives forever.

- 4 He hath withdrawn thee now apart,
To teach these lessons to thine heart ;
Has darkened all thy earthly scene,
That thou on Him alone may'st lean.
 - 5 His precious blood that balm supplies,
For which thy wounded spirit sighs ;
That only med'cine can make whole
The weary, faint, and sin-sick soul.
 - 6 Go to that Friend, poor aching heart ;
He knows how desolate thou art ;
He waits—He longs to see thee blest,
And in Himself to give thee rest.
-

397.

- W**HEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour ;
Bow all resigned beneath His rod,
And bless His sparing power,
A joy springs up amid distress—
A fountain in the wilderness.
- 2 Oh ! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though sorrows fixed me there,
Is still a privilege ; and sweet
The energies of prayer,
Though sighs and tears its language be,
If Christ be nigh and smile on me.
 - 3 Oh ! blessed be the hand that gave,
Still blessed when it takes :
Blessed be He who smites to save,
Who heals the heart He breaks ;
Perfect and true are all His ways,
Whom heaven adores and earth obeys.

398.

C. M.

O THOU whose mercy guides my way!
 Though now it seems severe;
 Forbid my unbelief to say,
 There is no mercy here.

2 Oh! grant me to desire the pain
 That comes in kindness down;
 More than the world's alluring gain,
 Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then, though Thou bow my spirit low,
 Love only shall I see:
 The very hand that strikes the blow,
 Was wounded once for me.

EDMESTON.

399.

L. M.

WITH tearful eyes I look around—
 Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
 But midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
 A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest,
 It tells me where my soul may flee;
 Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
 How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

3 When the poor heart with anguish learns
 That earthly props resigned must be;
 And from each broken cistern turns,
 It hears the accents, "Come to me."

4 When against sin I strive in vain,
 And can not from its yoke get free,
 Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
 The words arrest me, "Come to me."

- 5 Come, for all else must fail and die,
 Earth is no resting place for thee;
 Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
 I am thy portion, "Come to me."
- 6 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
 In conflict, grief, and agony,
 Support me, cheer me from above,
 And gently whisper, "Come to me."
-

400.

L. M.

COME, O Thou universal Good!
 Balm of the wounded conscience, come!
 Haven to take the shipwrecked in,
 My everlasting rest from sin!

- 2 Come, O my comfort and delight!
 My strength and health and shield and
 sun,
 My boast, my confidence and might,
 My joy, my glory, and my crown!
-

401.

C. 7

WHY, O my soul! why thus depressed?
 And why this anxious care?
 Let former favors fix thy trust,
 And calm the rising tear.

- 2 When darkness and when dangers rose,
 And pressed on every side,
 Did not the Lord thy steps attend,
 And was not He thy guide?

- 3 Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave ;
Though o'er my head the billows sweep,
I know the Lord can save.
- 4 In the dark watches of the night,
I'll count His mercies o'er ;
I'll praise Him for ten thousand passed,
And ask Him still for more.
- 5 Perhaps before the morning dawn,
He'll reinstate my peace ;
For He who bids the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.
- 6 Here will I rest and build my hope,
Nor murmur at His rod ;
He's more than all the world to me,
My Saviour, and my God.

402.

S. M.

- COME to the land of peace,
From shadows come away ;
Where all the sounds of weeping cease,
And storms no more have sway.
- 2 Fear hath no dwelling here ;
But pure repose and love
Breathe through the bright, celestial air,
The spirit of the dove.
- 3 Come to the bright and blest,
Gathered from every land ;
For here thy soul shall find its rest,
Amidst the shining band.

- 4 In this divine abode,
 Change leaves no saddening trace;
 Come, trusting spirit, to thy God,
 Thy holy resting-place.
-

403.

L. M.

MY sufferings all to Thee are known,
 Tempted in every point like me;
 Regard my grief, regard Thine own;
 Jesus, remember Calvary!

- 2 For whom didst Thou the cross endure?
 Who nailed Thy body to the tree?
 Did not Thy death my life procure?
 Oh! let Thy mercy answer me.

- 3 Art not Thou touched with human woe?
 Hath pity left the Son of Man?
 Dost Thou not all my sorrow know,
 And claim a share in all my pain?

- 4 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,
 Or quench the smallest spark of grace;
 Till through the soul Thy power is spread,
 Thy all-victorious righteousness.

- 5 The day of small and feeble things,
 I know Thou never wilt despise;
 I know, with healing in His wings,
 The Sun of Righteousness shall arise.

WESLEY.

404.

II. 2.

O THOU great Power in whom I move,
 To whom I live, for whom I die ;
 Behold me through Thy beams of love,
 Whilst on this couch of tears I lie.
 And cleanse my sordid soul within,
 By Thy Christ's blood, the bath for sin.

2 No hallowed oils, no gums I need,
 No rags of saints, no purging fire ;
 One sacred drop from David's Seed,
 An ocean is to quench thine ire.
 O precious ransom, it was paid,
 Where " Consummatum est " was said.

3 And said by Him that said no more,
 But sealed it with His sacred breath ;
 Thou then that hast struck off my score,
 And dying wert the death of death,
 Be to me now on whom I call,
 My life, my strength, my joy, my all.

405.

C. M.

CHRIST leads me through no darker rooms
 Than He went through before ;
 He that into God's kingdom comes,
 Must enter by this door.

2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
 Thy blessed face to see ;

For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What must Thy glory be ?

- 3 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with those triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.
- 4 My knowledge of that life is small ;
The eye of faith is dim ;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him !

R. BAXTER.

406.

C. M.

"Fear not, for I am with thee. In the name of the Lord is strong confidence."

INCARNATE God ! the soul that knows
Thy name's mysterious power,
Shall dwell in undisturbed repose
Nor fear the trying hour.

- 2 Angels unseen attend the saints,
And bear them in their arms,
To cheer the spirit when it faints,
And guard their life from harms.
- 3 The angel's Lord Himself is nigh,
To those who love His name,
Ready to save them when they cry,
And put their foes to shame.
- 4 Crosses and changes are their lot,
Long as they sojourn here ;
But since their Saviour changes not,
What have His saints to fear ?

407.

IV. 4.

"I know O Lord! that Thy judgments are right, that Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me."—PSALM 119: 75.

FOR what shall I praise Thee, my God and
my King?

For what blessings the tribute of gratitude
bring?

Shall I praise Thee for pleasure, for health,
and for ease;

For the spring of delight, and the sunshine
of peace?

2 Shall I praise Thee for flowers that bloomed
on my breast,

For joys in perspective, and pleasures pos-
sessed?

For the spirits that heightened my days of
delight,

And the slumbers that sat on my pillow by
night?

3 For this should I praise! but if only for
this,

I should leave half untold the donation of
bliss;

I thank Thee for sickness, for sorrow, for
care,

For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish
I bear.

4 For nights of anxiety, watchings, and tears,
A present of pain, a perspective of fears;

I praise Thee, I bless Thee, my King and my
God,

For the good and the evil Thy hand hath
bestowed.

- 5 The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance
is flown ;
They yielded no fruits, they are withered and
gone ;
The thorn it was poignant, but precious to
me—
'Twas the message of mercy—it led me to
Thee.

C. FRY.

408.

III. 2.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."
—PSALM 46: 1.

GOD of pity! God of love!
G Send me comfort from above;
Let not anxious thoughts perplex,
Harrowing fears my spirit vex:
Let me trust Thee, and be still,
Waiting patiently Thy will.

- 2 Though to weak, short-sighted man,
All uncertain seems each plan;
Each event Thy will ordains,
Fixed immutably remains:
Not one link in life's long chain,
Can be lost, or wrought in vain.

- 3 All that chain, through by-gone years,
Woven in links of love appears;
Not one storm of vengeful wrath,
E'er has swept across my path:
Why should fear o'er faith prevail?
Thy sure mercies can not fail.

- 4 What are distance, time, or place,
To that God who fills all space ?
What are sea or land to Him ?
Can the omniscient eye grow dim ?
Those we love, (whate'er betide,)
O'er them does that eye preside.
- 5 Clinging to that strengthening arm,
Thou wilt keep me safe from harm ;
Thou wilt grant the hope that cheers,
Wilt prove better than my fears :
Bid my sad misgivings cease ;
Guide me to my home in peace.

 409.

"Let them that suffer according to the will of God, commit the keeping of their souls to Him."—1 PET. 4 : 19.

- O GOD ! from whom my spirit came,
Moulded by Thee, this mortal frame
Feels health or sickness, pain or ease,
As it may best Thy wisdom please :
Make me submissive, keep me still,
"Suffering according to Thy will."
- 2 The springs of life are in Thy hand,
They move, they stop, at Thy command ;
Without Thy blessing will prove vain
All human skill, to ease my pain :
Make me submissive, keep me still,
"Suffering according to Thy will."
- 3 I am a sinner—shall I dare
To murmur at the strokes I bear ?
Strokes not in wrath, but mercy sent,
A wise and needful chastisement :
Make me submissive, keep me still,
"Suffering according to Thy will."

- 4 Saviour! I breathe the prayer once Thine,
 "Father! Thy will be done, not mine!"
 One only blessing would I claim;
 In me oh! glorify Thy name!
 Make me submissive, keep me still,
 "Suffering according to Thy will."
-

410.

L. M.

"Save me, O God! for the waters are come in unto my soul."—
 PSALM 69:1.

GOD of my life, to Thee I call,
 Afflicted at Thy feet I fall,
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint!
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
 Where but with Thee, whose open door
 Invites the helpless and the poor.

- 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
 And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
 Does not the word still fixed remain,
 That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

- 4 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
 And he is safe, and must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.
-

411.

"When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then Thou knewest
 my path."—PSALM 142:3.

MY God! whose gracious pity I may claim,
 Calling Thee "Father," sweet endearing
 name!

The sufferings of this weak and weary frame,
All, all are known to Thee.

2 From human eyes 'tis better to conceal
Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel;
But oh! this thought does tranquillize and heal,
All, all is known to Thee.

3 Each secret conflict with indwelling sin;
Each sickening fear, "I ne'er the prize shall
win;"
Each pang from irritation, turmoil, din,
All, all are known to Thee.

4 When in the morning unrefreshed I wake,
Or in the night but little rest can take;
This brief appeal submissively I make,
"All, all is known to Thee!"

5 Nay, all by Thee is ordered, chosen, planned;
Each drop that fills my daily cup, Thy hand
Prescribes for ills none else can understand,
All, all is known to Thee.

6 The effectual means to cure what I deplore,
In me Thy longed-for likeness to restore,
Self to dethrone, never to govern more,
All, all are known to Thee.

7 And this continued feebleness—this state,
Which seems to unnerve and incapacitate,
Will work the cure my hopes and prayers
await,
That cure I leave to Thee.

8 Nor will the bitter draught distasteful prove,
While I recall the Son of Thy dear love;
The cup Thou would'st not for *our* sakes re-
move—
That cup He drank for me.

412.

C. M.

"They that know Thy name, will put their trust in Thee."—PSALM
9:10.

O LORD! my best desire fulfill!
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at Thy command
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to Thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and Mercy guide my way—
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth.

6 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to Thy sway!
Else the next cloud that veils the skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

413.

L. M.

"Every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning."—JAMES 1: 17

WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbor one hard thought of Thee.

3 Oh! let me then at length be taught
What still I am so slow to learn;
That God is love and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
Yet when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskillful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But O my Lord! one look from Thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And Thy rebellious worm is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive,
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine!

414.

L. M.

"I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me."—PSALM 40 : 17.

WHEN pining sickness wastes the frame,
 Acute disease or tiring pain ;
 When life fast spends the feeble flame,
 And all the help of man proves vain ;

2 Joyless and dark all things appear ;
 Languid the spirits, weak the flesh ;
 Med'cines nor ease, nor cordials cheer ;
 Nor food nor balmy sleep refresh :

3 Then, then to have recourse to God,
 To pour a prayer in time of need,
 And feel the balm of Jesus' blood,
 This is to find relief indeed.

4 And this, O Christian ! is thy lot,
 Who cleavest to the Lord by faith ;
 He'll never leave thee (doubt it not)
 In pain, in sickness, or in death.

5 When flesh decays, and heart thus fails,
 Thy strength and portion He shall be ;
 Shall take thy weakness, bear thy ails,
 And softly whisper, "Trust in me."

415.

FRIEND after friend departs—
 Who hath not lost a friend ?
 There is no union here of hearts,
 That finds not here an end ;

Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Byond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night—
They hide themselves in heaven's own

MORSE

416.

"So He bringeth them to their desired haven."—PSALM 10

HALF a wreck by tempest driven,
Yet this feeble bark survives,
Dashed against the rocks and riven,
In the midst of death it lives:
See it pressed on every side,
See it still the storm outride.

- 2 Can a bark like mine so shattered,
 Ever reach yon friendly shore ?
 Tempest-tossed so long, and battered,
 Can it stand one conflict more ?
 Should another storm assail,
 Mast and planks, and all must fail.
- 3 So they would, but One that's greater
 Than the storms and waves is here ;
 He it is, whose name is sweeter
 Far than music to my ear ;
 He preserves my shattered bark ;
 He makes light when all is dark.
- 4 Jesus is the Lord, who hears me,
 When the tempest roars around ;
 He it is whose presence cheers me,
 When I hear the dreadful sound ;
 Trusting in His grace and power,
 Need I fear the darkest hour ?
- 5 What, though every plank is starting,
 Waves are running mountains high,
 Thunders roaring, lightnings darting,
 And no saving hand seems nigh !
 Let me still no danger fear,
 Jesus, though unseen, is near.

417.

L. M.

Under Depression of Spirits.

"Acquaint thyself with Him, and be at peace."—JOB 22 : 21.

ART thou acquainted, O my soul !
 With such a Saviour, such a friend,
 Whose power can all events control,
 And from all evils can defend ?

- 2 Why art thou then oppressed with fears?
Knowledge of Him should give thee peace;
Should check these mournful thoughts and
tears,
And bid these sad misgivings cease.
- 3 Is it the *past* that gives thee pain?
Sins, errors, falls, dost thou deplore?
The atoning blood pleads not in vain;
Thy God remembers them no more.
- 4 Do *present* troubles vex thy mind?
Sufferings of body, mental care?
In God a refuge thou wilt find,
And oh! what sweet relief in prayer.
- 5 Dost thou the unknown *future* dread,
Sorrows in life, or death's dark vale?
In both shall light around be shed;
Thy God's sure promise can not fail.
- 6 Dost thou, with dread still greater shrink
From pain, for those on earth most dear
And oft, with sickening anguish, think
On all they yet may suffer here?
- 7 O faithless unbelieving heart!
So slow to trust that tenderest Friend;
Who then will needful strength impart,
Who loving loves unto the end.
- 8 No longer doubt, nor fear, nor grieve,
Nor on uncertain evils dwell;
Past, present, future, calmly leave
To Him who will "do all things well."

418.

II. 5.

A Look upwards in Depression of Mind.

TAKE courage, O my soul! this life which
seems

To thee, while suffering, wearisomely long,
Would, if thy faith were vigorous and strong,
Full oft be gladdened by celestial gleams.

On that fair city, where the sun's bright beams
Are needed never, and the white-robed throng
Pour forth their hallowed ecstasies in song,
To gaze with steadier vision thee beseems.

On "things not seen," thou'rt bid to fix thine
eye;

To feel a stranger and a pilgrim here;
Of small account life's transient griefs appear,
When Faith unfolds heaven's joys, and brings
them nigh;

Then bright and blest each hour of Time would
be,

Fraught with the glories of Eternity.

II. IN SICKNESS.

419.

C. M.

JESUS, and didst Thou condescend,
When veiled in human clay;
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

2 Didst Thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see?
Jesus, Thou Son of David, hear—
Have mercy too on me.

- 3 And didst Thou pity mortal woe,
 And sight and health restore ?
 Then pity Lord and save my soul,
 Which needs Thy mercy more.
- 4 Didst Thou regard Thy servant's cry,
 When sinking in the wave ?
 I perish, Lord—oh ! save my soul,
 For thou alone canst save.

BRADY

420.

III

GENTLY, gently lay Thy rod
 On my sinful head, O God !
 Stay Thy wrath, in mercy stay,
 Lest I sink beneath its sway.

- 2 Heal me, for my flesh is weak,
 Hear me, for Thy grace I seek ;
 This my only plea I make—
 Heal me for Thy mercy's sake.
- 3 Who, within the silent grave,
 Shall proclaim Thy power to save ?
 Lord ! my sinking soul reprieve ;
 Speak, and I shall rise and live.
- 4 Lo ! He comes—He heeds my plea,
 Lo ! He comes—the shadows flee ;
 Glory round me dawns once more ;
 Rise, my spirit, and adore.

Ls

421.

III

OH ! how soft that bed must be,
 Made in sickness, Lord, by Thee ;
 And that rest, how calm, how sweet,
 Where Jesus and the sufferer meet.

- 2 It was the good Physician now,
Soothed thy cheek and chafed thy brow,
Whispering, as He raised thy head—
“It is I, be not afraid.”
- 3 God of glory, God of grace,
Hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-place;
Hear in mercy and forgive,
Bid Thy child believe and live.
- 4 Bless me and I shall be blest,
Soothe me and I shall have rest;
Fix my heart, my hopes above;
Love me, Lord, for Thou art love.

422.

L. M.

“I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto Thy testimonies.”
—PSALM 119 : 59.

NOT willingly dost thou afflict,
And grieve the souls Thy hand has made;
Now, called by suffering to reflect,
O God! I seek Thy pitying aid.

- 2 I feel that I have gone astray,
Have left the path Thy word commends;
I see that I have lost my way—
But still that word sweet comfort lends.
- 3 It tells me if I seek a guide,
That guide will come to lead me back;
It tells me strength shall be supplied,
To reach once more the heavenward track.
- 4 My treacherous heart its God forgot,
The flame of love grew cold and dim,
But yet, that God, forsaking not,
Now gives me time to think of Him.

- 5 He now invites me to return,
 He deigns to teach me from above ;
 Lord, all Thou teachest I would learn,
 With shame, and gratitude, and love.

423.

II. 1.

"I, the Lord, search the heart; I try the reins."—JER. 17 : 10.

O GOD ! what am I in Thy sight ?
 Thou, only Thou, canst read aright
 The characters within ;
 No fellow-mortal has their clue—
 No human scrutiny can view
 The ravages of sin.

2 Till Thy light shone I never knew
 How fearful was my heart to view,
 Disordered, false, impure ;
 I fondly fancied it was good,
 Nor that high standard understood,
 Whose test it must endure.

3 It once seemed sweet man's praise to hear ;
 Now, it falls coldly on my ear ;
 What is its worth for me ?
 Mistaken, partial, at the best,
 Is all the approving love expressed ;
 None, none my heart can see !

4 And I am passing swiftly on
 To that tribunal where alone
 The estimate is just ;
 Where into judgment God will bring
 Each hidden thought, each secret thing,
 And lay me in the dust.

- 5 Searcher of hearts ! before thine eye,
 Though all my sins uncovered lie,
 Sins more than I can count ;
 Yet one pure drop of precious blood,
 Shed by the atoning Lamb of God,
 Cancels their whole amount.
- 6 On me that blood be sprinkled now !
 Wash me and make me white as snow,
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain !
 That blood which our lost world redeemed,
 (A ransom adequate esteemed,)
 Can never plead in vain.

424.

III. 4.

"I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee, saith the Lord."—JER. 30 : 17.

- TELL me of that great Physician,
 Will he undertake my cure ?
 Will he freely grant admission
 To an applicant so poor ?
 None but Jesus
 Could to such, relief insure.
- 2 I have not one plea to proffer,
 Why such grace I should partake—
 No inducement can I offer—
 No requital can I make ;
 None but Jesus
 Heals for His own mercy's sake.
- 3 Yet I know that He has granted
 Cures to thousands such as I ;
 Given them freely all they wanted,
 Without money let them buy :
 None but Jesus
 Every want could thus supply.

- 4 Let me go and spread before Him
 All my symptoms—all my fears ;
 Deeply, gratefully adore Him,
 While my trembling heart he cheers :
 None but Jesus
 Wipes away the sufferer's tears.

425.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me."—REV. 3 : 20.

BEHOLD a stranger at the door
 Who gently knocks, has knocked before;
 Has waited long; is waiting still;
 You treat no other friend so ill.

- 2 O gracious attitude! He stands
 With melting heart, and laden hands!
 O matchless kindness! Lo! He shows
 This matchless kindness e'en to foes!

- 6 But will he prove a friend indeed?
 He will, the very Friend you need;
 The man of Nazareth, 'tis He!
 With garments dyed on Calvary.

- 4 If thou art poor, (and poor thou art,)
 Lo! He has riches to impart;
 Not wealth in which mean avarice rolls—
 Oh! better far! the wealth of souls.

- 5 Thou'rt blind—He'll take the scales away,
 And let in everlasting day;
 Torn and polluted is thy dress;
 He'll robe thee in His righteousness.

- 6 Art thou a weeper? grief shall fly,
For who can weep with Jesus by?
No terror shall thy soul annoy;
No tear, except the tear of joy.
- 7 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-enslaving tyrant, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.
- 8 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest
Admit him, and you'll ne'er expel;
Where Jesus comes, He comes to dwell.
- 9 Admit Him ere His anger burn;
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand,
When at His door denied you'll stand.
- 10 Yet know—nor of the terms complain—
Where Jesus comes, He comes to reign,
To reign, and with no partial sway,
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.
- 11 Sov'reign of souls! Thou Prince of peace!
Oh! may Thy gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
And be Thine empire all mankind!

426.

Prayer for Faith.

"Christ shalt give thee light."—Eph. 5:14.

LORD of all power and might!
Grant me that inward sight,
Which views the things unseen;

All earthly objects fade,
 My life, a fleeting shade,
 Ne'er for one moment staid,
 Will soon have crossed the scene.

2 Each moment it moves on,
 Still hastening to be gone,
 Till, seen on earth no more,
 I reach that unknown state,
 Where souls Thy sentence wait,
 To fix their lasting fate,
 And hope of change is o'er.

3 Now, while yet there is time,
 While earth's brief day grows dim—
 Darkened by pain and woe;
 Kindle that lamp of faith,
 Which can make bright my path,
 E'en through the vale of death,
 If thither now I go.

4 Man can not wake the spark
 In my soul's chamber dark—
 Nor keep the flame alive;
 Kindling Thyself the light,
 Deign Thou to keep it bright,
 Till, where is no more night,
 In safety I arrive.

427.

L. M.

"There is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared."—
 PSALM 130: 4.

O LORD my God! in mercy turn—
 In mercy, hear a sinner mourn;
 To Thee I call—to Thee I cry—
 Oh! leave me, leave me not to die!

- 2 O pleasures past ! what are ye now,
But thorns about my bleeding brow ?
Spectres that hover round my brain,
And aggravate and mock my pain !
- 3 For pleasures I have given my soul :
Now, justice, let Thy thunders roll !
Now, vengeance smite, and with a blow,
Lay the rebellious ingrate low !
- 4 Yet Jesus, Jesus ! there I'll cling,
I'll crouch beneath His sheltering wing ;
I'll clasp the cross, and holding there—
Even me, O bliss ! His love may spare.

H. K. WHITE.

428.

II. 1.

"Have pity on me, O my friends : for the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—JOB. 19 : 21.

- I LOOK around me, all is sad,
Faces beloved no longer glad—
In silence o'er me bend ;
They see me wasting, worn with pain,
They see the help of man is vain,
To God their prayers ascend.
- 2 Backward I look—through by-gone years,
An awful register appears,
Of debts I ne'er can pay ;
Duties omitted, time misused,
Talents neglected or abused,
Heart-sick I turn away.
- 3 I look within—appalling sight !
There, where I fancied all was right,
Throughout confusion reigns :
All evil passions there seem pent ;
Impatience, pride, dark discontent,
Which God Himself arraigns.

- 4 Forward I look—there, dark and dread,
Lies the lone path I soon must tread ;
Low whispered sounds I hear ;
“The second death, the wrath to come,”
“The judgment seat, the eternal doom,”
My spirit faints with fear.
- 5 Still, still there’s hope—I look above,
I trace the record, “God is love,”
I read engraven there—
“God to His mercy will receive,”
“All who in Jesus Christ believe”
This saves me from despair.
- 6 O Son of God ! to Thee I look ;
For me unseal that heavenly book,
Which testifies of Thee ;
That Spirit may I now receive,
Who teaches sinners to believe—
Blest Spirit ! teach Thou me.

429.

L. M.

“Commune with your own heart.”—PSALM 4 : 4.

IT matters not, when fruit appears,
Whether its seed were sown in tears ;
While this poor frame is ill at ease,
And earthly objects cease to please,
Now may the power of faith prevail,
Unfolding scenes within the veil,
Not distant, shadowy, and obscure ;
But near, and well defined, and sure.

- 2 A nobler life dwells deep within
Than this poor frame’s defiled with sin ;
A life so precious, weal or woe
Hangs solely on its ebb or flow ;

E'en while the body wastes, it thrives;
E'en while the body dies, it lives;
Heavenward it tends, from heaven bestowed,
Its source is "hid with Christ in God."

- 3 If these dark hours, this suffering state,
That life divine invigorate;
If now God's Spirit work within,
Increasing faith, subduing sin,
Time thus employed is gained, not lost,
Though selfish hopes and schemes be crossed;
My plans, my wishes I resign;
"Father! Thy will be done, not mine!"
- 4 Oh! if as yet Thine eye in me
Has vainly sought some trace to see,
Of likeness to Thy Son, my Lord—
His image to my soul restored,
Now make these hours of lonely pain,
A means that likeness to attain,
Since even He, our Lord, our Head,
Was here by suffering perfected.

430.

"I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name: thou art mine."—ISA. 43:1.

SAVIOUR! once to Thee presented,
At Thy footstool I was laid:
In life's bloom, my heart consented
To the vows my sponsors made;
Thine in infancy and youth,
Should I not have kept Thy truth?

- 2 Thine by right, as my Creator,
Who my two-fold life bestowed,
Saved by Thee, my Mediator,
Ransomed with Thy precious blood;
Thine by baptism's solemn vow,
Shall my heart forsake Thee now?

- 3 No ! not far then shall I wander,
 Thou hast stricken me to reclaim ;
 O'er the guilty past I ponder
 Overwhelmed with grief and shame;
 Still that Lord whose seal I wear,
 Pours for me the availing prayer.
- 4 Welcome the severest token,
 That God " lets me not alone ;"
 Though His covenant I have broken,
 He reclaims me as His own ;
 Saviour, now my soul restore,
 Bid me " go and sin no more."

431.

II. 1.

" And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, surely the Lord is in this place and I knew it not."—GEN. 28 : 16.

A M I to this seclusion brought,
 As wandering Jacob first was taught
 In solitude and woe,
 To look on things before unseen,
 And, in the stilly night serene,
 His Father's God to know ?

- 2 Alone and weary as he laid,
 A wond'rous ladder was displayed,
 Reaching from earth to heaven ;
 Ascending and descending there,
 Angels (who perhaps made him their care)
 To his charmed sight was given.
- 3 He felt that God was in that place,
 He learned to prize and seek His grace,
 And there before Him vowed—
 " That if, through all his future track,"
 " He thither came, in safety back,"
 " The Lord should be his God."

- 4 Like him, a wanderer I have been,
 And waking, in this lonely scene,
 I feel that God is here ;
 While, bright with supernatural ray,
 Shines forth that "new and living way"
 Which brings the sinner near.
- 5 Apart from man, in this still hour,
 He, who might crush me by His power,
 A covenant deigns to make ;
 And if, supplying all my need,
 He to the end my steps will lead,
 Him for my God I take.
- 6 If health once more He deign to give,
 Then for His glory may I live,
 May all to Him be given !
 If not, while angels o'er me bend,
 Those golden steps may I ascend,
 Which lead the soul to heaven !

432.

"He openeth their ear to discipline."—JOB 34 : 10.

CHAMBER of sickness ! much to thee I owe,
 Though dark thou be ;
 The lessons it imports me most to know,
 I owe to thee !
 A sacred seminary thou hast been,
 I trust, to train me for a happier scene.

- 2 Chamber of sickness ! suffering and alone,
 My friends withdrawn,
 The blessed beams of heavenly truth have
 shone
 On me, forlorn,
 With such a hallowed vividness and power,
 As ne'er was granted to a brighter hour.

- 3 Chamber of sickness ! midst thy silence, oft
 A voice is heard,
 Which, though it fall like dew on flowers, so
 soft,
 Yet speaks each word
 Into the aching heart's unseen recess,
 With power no earthly accents could possess.
- 4 Chamber of sickness ! in that bright abode,
 Where "there is no more pain,"
 If, through the merits of my Saviour God,
 A seat I gain,
 This theme shall tune my golden harp's soft
 lays,
 That in thy shelter passed my earthly days.

III. THE BELIEVER SUBMISSIVE AND RE-
 JOICING.

433.

C. M.

- O** LORD ! I put my trust in Thee,
 And on Thyself depend ;
 To Thee in every trouble flee,
 My best, my only friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried
 Thy fullness is the same ;
 May I with this be satisfied,
 And glory in Thy name.
- 3 Why should a soul a drop bemoan,
 That has a fountain near ;
 A fountain that must ever run,
 With waters sweet and clear ?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found,
 But all is found in Thee ;
 I must have all things and abound,
 Since God is good to me.

5 Oh ! that I had but stronger faith,
 To look within the veil ;
 To credit what my Saviour saith,
 Whose word can never fail.

6 Now Lord, I would be Thine alone,
 And wholly live to Thee ;
 But worthless still myself I own—
 Thy worth is all my plea.

434.

L. M.

THE moment comes, the only one
 Of all my time to be foretold ;
 Though when, and where, and how, can none
 Of all the race of man unfold.

2 That moment comes, when strength must fail,
 When, health and hope and comfort flown,
 I must go down into the vale
 And shade of death, with Thee alone.

3 Then, when the unbodied spirit lands
 Where flesh and blood have never trod,
 And in the unveiled presence stands
 Of Thee, my Saviour and my God,

4 Be mine eternal portion this,
 Since Thou wert always here with me,
 That I may view Thy face in bliss,
 And be for evermore with Thee.

MONTGOMERY

435.

L. M.

Psalm 130.—De Profundis.

FROM sin's dark depths, my God, to Thee
 I pour in tears my faltering prayer;
 Oh! hear my cry of agony;
 Oh! save me, save me from despair.

2 For if Thy justice should pursue
 Whate'er of guilt Thine eye hath known,
 Oh! who could stand the piercing view,
 Or stand before Thy awful throne?

3 But Thou canst burst the two-fold chain,
 That binds me still to sin and woe;
 And Thou canst cleanse the earthly stain,
 That tells my fall before my foe.

4 Oh! free me, cleanse me, bid me live!
 And bondage, guilt, and death remove!
 And while I tremble, still forgive;
 For Thou art mercy, Thou art love.

5 Then, by Thy mercy reconciled,
 Boundless, unmerited, and free,
 Saviour! receive Thy long-lost child,
 His life, his hope, his all in Thee.

436.

C. M.

WHEN languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay ;
 'Tis sweet to look by faith abroad,
 And long to fly away ;

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
 The whispers of His love ;
 Sweet to look upward to the place
 Where Jesus pleads above ;

3 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end ;
 Sweet on His covenant of grace
 For all things to depend ;

4 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
 To trust His firm decrees ;
 Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
 And know no will but His.

5 If such the sweetness of the streams,
 What must the fountain be,
 Where saints and angels share their bliss
 Immediately from Thee ?

TOPLADY.

437.

III.

"Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect ? It is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth ? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."—Rom. 8 : 33, 34.

FROM whence this fear and unbelief ?
 Hast Thou, O Father, put to grief

Thy spotless Son for me ?
 And will the righteous Judge of men
 Condemn me for that debt of sin,
 Which, Lord, was charged on Thee ?

2 Complete atonement thou hast made,
 And to the utmost farthing paid
 Whate'er thy people owed :
 How then can wrath on me take place,
 If sheltered in Thy righteousness,
 And sprinkled with Thy blood ?

3 Turn, then, my soul ! unto thy rest ;
 The merits of thy Great High Priest
 Speak peace and liberty ;
 Trust in His all-atoning blood,
 Nor fear thy banishment from God,
 Since Jesus died for thee !

438.

C. M.

THERE is a fold where none can stray,
 And pastures ever green,
 Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
 Or night, is never seen.

2 Far up the everlasting hills,
 In God's own light it lies ;
 His smile its vast dimension fills
 With joy that never dies.

3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
 Divides that land from this ;
 I have a Shepherd pledged to save,
 And bear me home to bliss.

4 Soon at His feet my soul will lie,
 In life's last struggling breath ;
 But I shall only seem to die,
 I shall not taste of death.

5 Far from this guilty world, to be
 Exempt from toil and strife ;
 To spend eternity with Thee,
 My Saviour, this is life !

EAST.

439.

III. I.

" And the angel said unto them, Fear not : for behold ! I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."—LUKE 2 : 10, 11.

SWEETER sounds than music knows
 Charm me in Immanuel's name ;
 All her hopes my spirit owes
 To His birth, and cross, and shame.

2 When He came the angels sung,
 " Glory be to God on high !"
 Lord, unloose my stammering tongue !
 Who should louder sing than I ?

3 Did the Lord a man become
 That He might the law fulfill ?
 Bleed and suffer in my room ?
 And canst thou, my tongue, be still ?

4 No ; I must my praises bring,
 Though they worthless are, and weak ;
 For should I refuse to sing,
 Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
 Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,
 Every precious name in one,
 I will love Thee without end.

440.

L. M.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross."—GAL. 6: 14

WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross :
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, "*God is love.*"
He bears our sins upon the tree—
He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The cross, it takes our guilt away :
It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love ;
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above.

441.

III. 5.

"Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick."—JOHN 11 : 3.

SAVIOUR ! I can welcome sickness
If these words be said of me :
Can rejoice 'midst pain and weakness,
If I am but loved by Thee ;
Love so precious,
Balm for every wound will be.

- 2 Thou, who waitest not for fitness
 In the souls Thy blood has saved,
 Let Thy Spirit now bear witness,
 He this sentence has engraved—
 Love so precious,
 Gives me all my prayers have craved.
- 3 Though that love send days of sadness
 In a life so brief as this,
 It prepares me days of gladness,
 And a life of perfect bliss.
 Love so precious,
 Bids me every fear dismiss.

 IV. THE BELIEVER DYING.

442.

III. 1.

DEATHLESS Spirit, now arise !
 Soar, thou native of the skies ;
 Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
 To His glorious likeness wrought ;
 Go to shine before His throne,
 Deck His mediatorial crown ;
 Go His triumphs to adorn ;
 Made for God, to God return.

- 2 Lo ! He beckons from on high !
 Fearless to His presence fly ;
 Thine the merit of His blood,
 Thine the righteousness of God.
 Angels, joyful to attend,
 Hov'ring round thy pillow bend ;
 Wait to catch the signal given,
 And escort thee quick to heaven.
- 3 Is thy earthly house distrest ?
 Willing to retain her guest ?
 'Tis not thou, but she, must die ;
 Fly, celestial tenant, fly ;

Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away ;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing and fired with love.

- 4 Shudder not to pass the stream :
Venture all thy care on Him ;
Him whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar ;
Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve ;
Not one object of His care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.
- 5 See the haven full in view ;
Love divine shall bear thee through ;
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail ;
Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade,
Ardent for thy coming o'er ;
See, they throng the blissful shore.
- 6 Mount, their transports to improve ;
Join the longing choir above ;
Swiftly to their wish be given,
Kindle higher joy in heaven.
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes !
Such the glorious vista faith
Opens through the shades of death.

TOPLADY.

443.

III. 5.

"When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."—COL. 3 : 4.

JESUS' life of grief and sorrow,
All his suffering, death, and pain,
Prove in life our consolation
And in death our joy remain.
Hallelujah !
Christ's our life—hence death is gain.

- 2 On His precious death and merit,
All our hopes are safely built ;
We rejoice in His salvation,
Freed from sin's condemning guilt :
Sing His triumphs ;
Twas for us His blood was spilt.
- 3 Jesus yieldeth up His spirit ;
Lo ! He bows His head and dies !
From His death we life inherit ;
Hence our happiness takes rise :
We now glory,
Only in this sacrifice.
- 4 Jesus' body once interred
Sanctifies His people's rest,
And the place which keeps their bodies,
Since earth lodged that heavenly guest,
Now is hallowed ;
We lie down in hope most blest.
- 5 Our Redeemer rose victorious ;
Oh ! what joy doth this afford !
Lasting bliss awaits us yonder,
Raised to glory, like our Lord !
Blessed Saviour !
Ever be by us adored !
- 6 Conquering Lord ! to heaven ascended,
To prepare for us a place,
Pleading Thine own blood and merit ;
Hence our faith rests on Thy grace :
Then in glory,
We shall see Thee face to face !
- 7 Jesus ! at Thy blest appearing,
Freed from weakness, grief, and pain,
We, restored to Thy likeness,
Then shall join the happy train :
Make us ready,
Lord ! Thy glory to obtain.

444.

L. M.

WHY should we start and fear to die?
 What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
 Death is the gate to endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
 Fright our approaching souls away;
 And we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh! would my Lord His servant meet,
 My soul would stretch her wings in haste;
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying-bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are;
 While on His breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

WATTS.

445.

L. M.

"My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart
 and my portion forever."—PSALM 73 : 26.

DO flesh and nature dread to die?
 And tim'rous thoughts our hearts enslave?
 Yet grace can raise our hopes on high,
 And quell the terrors of the grave.

2 What! shall we run to gain the crown,
 Yet grieve to think the goal so near;
 Afraid to have our labors done,
 And finish this important war?

- 3 There shall we see Him face to face ;
 There shall we know as we are known :
 And Jesus, with His glorious grace,
 Shines in full light amidst the throne.
- 4 'Tis best, 'tis infinitely best,
 To go where tempters can not come :
 Where saints and angels, ever blest,
 Dwell, and enjoy their heavenly home.
- 5 Oh ! for a visit from my Lord !
 To drive my fears of death away,
 And help me through this darksome road,
 To realms of everlasting day.

446.

C. M.

"To depart and be with Christ is far better."—PHIL. 1 : 23.

- OH ! how I long to reach my home,
 My glorious home in heaven !
 And wish the joyful hour were come,
 The welcome mandate given !
- 2 Oh ! how I long to lay aside
 These worn-out weeds of clay ;
 And, led by my celestial guide,
 T' explore yon azure way !
- 3 Oh ! how I long to be with Christ,
 Where all His glory beams !
 To be from this dark world dismissed,
 Which His dear name blasphemes !
- 4 Oh ! how I long that world to hail,
 Where sin can ne'er defile !
 Where not a cloud shall ever veil
 From me my Saviour's smile !

- 5 Oh ! how I long to join the choir,
 Who worship at His feet !
 Lord, grant me soon my heart's desire !
 Soon, soon, Thy work complete !
-

447.

L. M.

" I know that my Redeemer liveth."—JOB 19 : 25.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives :
 (This thought transporting pleasure gives,)
 And standing, at the latter day,
 On earth, His glories shall display.

- 2 And though this weak and mortal frame
 Sink to the dust from whence it came—
 Though buried in the silent tomb,
 And worms my skin and flesh consume ;

- 3 Yet on that happy rising morn,
 New life this body shall adorn ;
 These active powers refined shall be,
 And God, my Saviour, I shall see.

- 4 Though mouldering in its bed of clay,
 My mortal form to dust decay,
 Yet, for myself, these wandering eyes
 God shall behold, with glad surprise.
-

448.

L. M.

" Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 COR. 15 : 55.

I STOOD beside the dark death-bed,
 My arm sustained the sufferer's head ;
 That sinking head and glazing eye,
 Proclaimed the King of terrors nigh.

- 2 Yet, tyrant! in that final hour,
 Thou still shalt own a mightier power;
 I named the name of Christ, and lo!
 It checked thy hand and staid the blow.
- 3 O name, to every Christian dear
 But sweetest to the dying ear!
 That sound, when other sounds were vain,
 Upraised the sinking head again.
- 4 The glazing eye, so dull that e'en
 Our streaming tears fell all unseen—
 Caught at the word a parting ray,
 Earnest of heaven's approaching day.
- 5 A smile of speechless joy that told,
 Relumed those features pale and cold;
 Rallied that tongue, its powers once more—
 Re-echoed "Christ"—and all was o'er!

449.

III. 2.

JESUS, my Redeemer, lives,
 Christ, my trust, is dead no more,
 In the strength this knowledge gives,
 Shall not all my fears be o'er;
 Calm, though death's long night be fraught
 Still with many an anxious thought?

- 2 Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
 And His life I once shall see;
 Bright the hope this promise gives,
 Where He is I too shall be.
 Shall I fear then? Can the head
 Rise and leave the members dead?

- 3 Close to Him my soul is bound,
 In the bonds of Hope enclasped ;
 Faith's strong hand this hold hath found,
 And the rock hath firmly grasped.
 Death shall ne'er my soul remove
 From her refuge in Thy love.
- 4 I shall see Him with these eyes,
 Him whom I shall surely know ;
 Not another shall I rise,
 With His love this heart shall glow ;
 Only there shall disappear
 Weakness in and round me here.
- 5 Ye who suffer, sigh, and moan,
 Fresh and glorious there shall reign ;
 Earthly here the seed is sown,
 Heavenly it shall rise again,
 Natural here the death we die,
 Spiritual our life on high.
- 6 Body, be thou of good cheer,
 In thy Saviour's care rejoice,
 Give not place to gloom and fear,
 Dead, thou yet shalt know His voice,
 When the final trump is heard,
 And the deaf cold grave is stirred.

LYR. GER.

450.

III. 2.

FAREWELL, O ye much-loved friends !
 Grief hath smote you as a sword,
 But the Comforter descends
 Unto them who love the Lord.
 Weep not o'er a passing show,
 To th' eternal world I go.

- 2 Weep not that I take my leave
Of the world ; that I exchange
Errors that too closely cleave,
Shadows, empty ghosts that range
Through this world of naught and night,
For a land of truth and light.
- 3 Weep not, dearest to my heart,
For I find my Saviour near,
And I know that I have part
In the pains He suffered here,
When He shed His sacred blood
For the whole world's highest good.
- 4 Weep not, my Redeemer lives ;
Heavenward springing from the dust
Clear-eyed Hope, her comfort gives ;
Faith, Heaven's champion, bids us trust ;
Love eternal whispers nigh,
" Child of God, fear not to die !"

LYR. GR.

451.

II. 2.

WHEN the last agony draws nigh,
My spirit sinks in bitter fear :
Courage ! I conquer though I die,
For Christ with Death once wrestled here.
Thy strife, O Christ ! with Death's dark power
Upholds me in this fearful hour.

- 2 In faith I hide myself in Thee,
I shall not perish in the strife ;
I share Thy war, Thy victory,
And death is swallowed up in life.
Thy strife, O Christ ! with death of yore
Hath conquered, and I fear no more.

LYR. GR.

452.

L. M.

"Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better."—PHIL. 1 : 23.

LET me be with Thee, where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal rest!
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and forever blest.

2 Let me be with Thee, where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be faithless, treacherous, cold.

3 Let me be with Thee, where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with Thee, where Thou art!
Where none can die—where none remove:
Where life nor death my soul can part
From Thy blest presence, and Thy love.

453.

LORD Jesus Christ, true man and God,
Who borest anguish, scorn, the rod,
And diedst at last upon the tree
To bring Thy Father's grace to me;
I pray Thee through that bitter woe,
Let me, a sinner, mercy know.

- 2 When comes the hour of failing breath,
And I must wrestle, Lord, with death;
When from my sight all fades away
And when my tongue no more can say,
And when mine ears no more can hear,
And when my heart is racked with fear;
- 3 When all my mind is darkened o'er,
And human help can do no more;
Then come, Lord Jesus, come with speed,
And help me in my hour of need;
Lead me from this dark vale beneath,
And shorten then the pangs of death.

LYR. GER.

454.

- O PRINCE of life ! I know
That when I too lie low,
Thou wilt at last my soul from death awaken;
Wherefore I will not shrink
From the grave's awful brink;
The heart that trusts in Thee shall ne'er be
shaken.
- 2 To me the darksome tomb
Is but a narrow room,
Where I may rest in peace from sorrow free.
Thy death shall give me power
To cry in that dark hour
O death ! O grave ! where is your victory ?
- 3 The grave can naught destroy,
Only the flesh can die,
And e'en the body triumphs o'er decay :
Clothed by Thy wond'rous might,
In robes of dazzling light,
This flesh shall burst the grave at that last
Day.

- 4 My Jesus, day by day,
 Help me to watch and pray,
 Beside the tomb where in my heart Thou'rt
 laid.
 Thy bitter death shall be
 My constant memory,
 My guide at last into Death's awful shade.
 Lyr. Ger.
-

V. WHEN THE SPIRIT HAS FLED.

455.

C. M.

- NOT for the pious dead we weep,
 Their sorrows now are o'er ;
 The sea is calm, the tempest past,
 On that eternal shore.
- 2 Their peace is sealed, their rest is sure,
 Within that better home ;
 Awhile we weep and linger here,
 Then follow to the tomb.
- 3 Oh ! might some dream of visioned bliss,
 Some trance of rapture, show
 Where on the bosom of their God,
 They rest from human woe.
- 4 Jesus ! our shadowy path illumine,
 And teach the chastened mind
 To welcome all that's left of good,
 To all that's lost resigned.

BARBAULD

456.

- NOW rests her soul in Jesus' arms,
 Her body in the grave sleeps well,
 His heart her death-chilled heart re-warms,
 And rest more deep than tongue can tell.

- Her few brief hours of conflict passed—
 She finds with Christ, her friend, at last;
 She bathes in tranquil seas of peace,
 God wipes away her tears, she feels
 New life that all her languor heals,
 The glory of the Lamb she sees.
- 2 She hath escaped all danger now,
 Her pain and sighing all are fled;
 The crown of joy is on her brow,
 Eternal glories o'er her shed.
 In golden robes, a queen, a bride,
 She standeth at her Sovereign's side;
 She sees His face unveiled and bright,
 With joy and love He greets her soul,
 She feels herself made inly whole,
 A lesser light amid His light.
- 3 The child hath now its Father seen,
 And feels what kindling love may be,
 And knoweth what those words may mean,
 "Himself, the Father, loveth thee."
 A shoreless ocean, an abyss
 Unfathomed, filled with good and bliss,
 Now breaks on her enraptured sight;
 She sees God's face, she learneth there,
 What this shall be, to be His heir,
 Joint-heir with Christ her Lord in light.
- 4 The body rests, its labors over,
 And sleeps till Christ shall bid it wake;
 The dust that earth and darkness cover,
 Then as a sun its tomb shall break.
 Ah! with what joy it rises then
 To meet the perfect soul again!
 Redeemed from death, no more to sever,
 At that great marriage-feast shall they
 With all the saints their homage pay,
 And worship there the Lamb forever.
- Lm. G.

457.

C. M.

THEN I have conquered; then at last
 My course is run, good night !
 I am well pleased that it is past,
 A thousand times, good night !
 But ye, dear friends, whom I must leave,
 Look not thus anxiously ;
 Why should ye thus lament and grieve ?
 It standeth well with me.

2 Farewell, O anguish, pain, and fear,
 Farewell, farewell, forever !
 It glads my heart to leave you here,
 Redeemed from you forever !
 Henceforth a life of joy I share,
 In my Creator's hand ;
 None of the griefs can touch me there,
 That haunt this lower land.

3 Who yet o'er earth in time must roam,
 Not yet from error free,
 Scarce lisp the language of our home,
 The glad eternity.
 Far better is a happy death,
 Than worldly life, I trow ;
 The weakness once I sank beneath,
 I never more shall know.

4 Farewell, thou dear, dear soul, farewell !
 To those sweet pleasures go,
 That we who mourning here must dwell
 Not yet, alas ! can know.
 Ah ! when shall that great day be come,
 When these things fade away,
 And Thou shalt bid us welcome home ?
 Would God it were to-day !

L. M. G. M.

458.

II. 2.

LIE down in peace to take thy rest,
Dear cherished form, no longer mine ;
But bearing in thy clay-cold breast
A hidden germ of life divine,
Which, when th' eternal spring shall bloom,
Will burst the shackles of the tomb.

2 Lie down in peace to take thy rest,
Unbroken will thy slumbers be ;
Satan can now no more molest
And death has done his worst on thee.
Lie down thy hallowed sleep to take,
Till clothed in glory thou shalt wake.

3 Lie down in peace to take thy rest,
We can no longer watch thy bed ;
But glorious angels, spirits blest,
Shall guard thee day and night instead.
And when thine eyes unclosed shall be,
Christ in His glory thou shalt see.

4 Lie down in peace to take thy rest ;
My eyes must weep, my heart must mourn ,
But to thy soul with Jesus blest,
For comfort and for hope I turn.
Thou wilt not mark these tears that flow ;
Sorrows can never reach thee now.

5 Lie down in peace to take thy rest,
Let me betake myself to prayer,
Binding faith's corslet on my heart,
Lest Satan find an entrance there.
God gave—though now His gift He claim,
Still blessed be His holy name.

459.

OUR beloved have departed,
 While we tarry, broken-hearted,
 In the dreary, empty house ;
 They have ended life's brief story,
 They have reached the home of glory,
 Over death victorious !

2 Hush that sobbing, weep more lightly,
 On we travel, daily, nightly,
 To the rest that they have found ;
 Are we not upon the river,
 Sailing fast to meet, for ever,
 On more holy, happy ground ?

3 Whilst with bitter tears we're mourning,
 Thoughts to buried loves returning,
 Time is hasting us along :
 Downward to the grave's dark dwelling,
 Upward to the fountain swelling
 With eternal life and song !

4 On we haste, to home invited,
 There with friends to be united
 In a surer bond than here ;
 Meeting soon, and meet for ever !
 Glorious hopes forsake us never,
 For Thy glimmering light is dear.

5 Ah ! the way is shining clearer,
 As we journey, ever nearer,
 To the everlasting home ;
 Friends, who there await our landing,
 Comrades, round the throne now standing,
 We salute you, and we come.

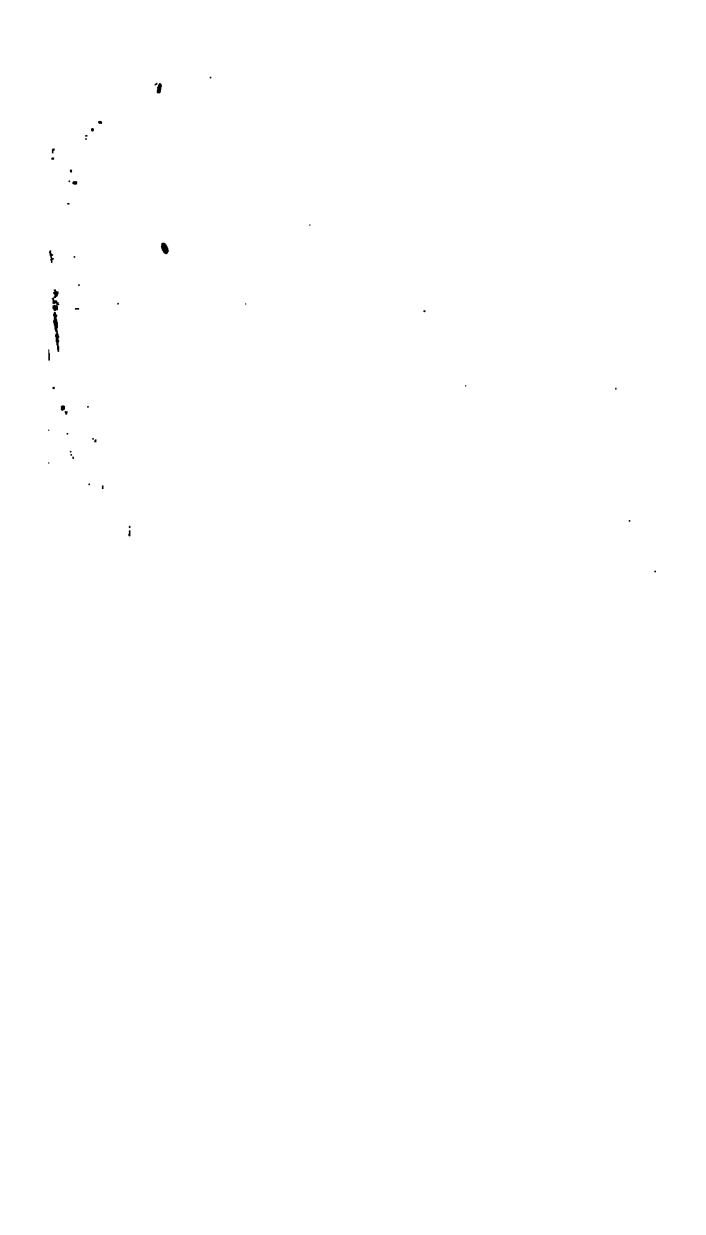
GERMAN.

460.

III. 1.

THERE in peace his dust is laid,
Jesus watches o'er his bed ;
There in certain hope to lie
Till the trumpet shakes the sky.

- 2 One more safe ; the race is run !
Bright and brighter was the sun,
Till the shining noon-day glowed
O'er the pilgrim's heavenward road.
- 3 Yet a few more changing days,
Winter's cold, and sun's bright rays ;
Yet a few more flowers to dress
Earth's prolific wilderness !
- 4 Then round the believer's tomb
Light from heaven shall cheer the gloom,
While the prison-house shall shake ;
First the dead in Christ shall wake.
- 5 Glorious hour ! though sons of men
Know not how and know not when,
Lord ! tis Thine to choose the day,
Theirs to watch, and wait, and pray.



DOXOLOGIES.

CLASS I.

C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

L. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

S. M.

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

CLASS II.

II. 1.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heaven's triumphant host
 And saints on earth adore;
 Be glory as in ages past,
 As now it is, and so shall last
 When time shall be no more.

II. 2.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heaven's triumphant host,
 And suffering saints on earth adore,
 Be glory as in ages past,
 As now it is, and so shall last
 When time itself shall be no more.

II. 3.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be glory in the highest given,
 By all in earth, and all in heaven,
 As was through ages heretofore,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

II. 4.

TO God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, ever blessed,
 Eternal Three in One,
 All worship be addressed,
 As heretofore
 It was, is now,
 And shall be so
 For evermore.

II. 5.

TO God the Father, and to God the Son,
To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,
As was, and is, and ever shall be given.

II. 6.

ETERNAL praise be given,
And songs of highest worth,
By all the hosts of heaven,
And all the saints on earth,
To God, supreme confessed,
To Christ, His only Son,
And to the Spirit blessed,
Eternal Three in One.

II. 7.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit blessed,
Supreme o'er earth and heaven,
Eternal Three in one confessed,
Be highest glory given,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.
By all in earth and heaven.

II. 8.

BY all on earth and all in heaven
Be everlasting glory given,
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit ; equal Three
In undivided Unity,
Ere time had yet its course begun :
As was, and is, be highest praise,
As still shall be through endless days.

CLASS III.

III. 1.

HOLY Father, holy Son,
 Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 Glory, as of old, to Thee,
 Now, and evermore shall be!

III. 2.

PRAISE the Name of God most high,
 Praise Him all below the sky,
 Praise Him all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
 As through countless ages past,
 Evermore His praise shall last.

III. 3.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
 As it was, and is, be given
 Glory through eternal days.

III. 4.

TO the Father, throned in heaven,
 To the Saviour, Christ, His Son,
 To the Spirit, praise be given,
 Everlasting Three in One :
 As of old, the Trinity
 Still is worshipped, still shall be.

III. 5.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore Thee,
 God the Father, God the Son,
 God the Spirit, joined in glory
 On the same eternal throne:
 Endless praises
 To Jehovah, Three in One.

CLASS IV.

IV. 1.

BY angels in heaven
 Of every degree,
 And saints upon earth,
 All praise be addressed;
 To God in Three Persons,
 One God ever blessed,
 As it has been, now is,
 And ever shall be.

IV. 2.

ALL praises to the Father, the Son,
 And Spirit, thrice holy and blessed,
 Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,
 Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

IV. 3.

ALL praise to the Father, all praise to the Son,
 All praise to the Spirit, thrice blessed,
 Thrice holy, eternal, supreme Three in One,
 Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

IV. 4.

O FATHER Almighty, to Thee be addressed,
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever
 blessed,
 All glory and worship from earth and from
 heaven,
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

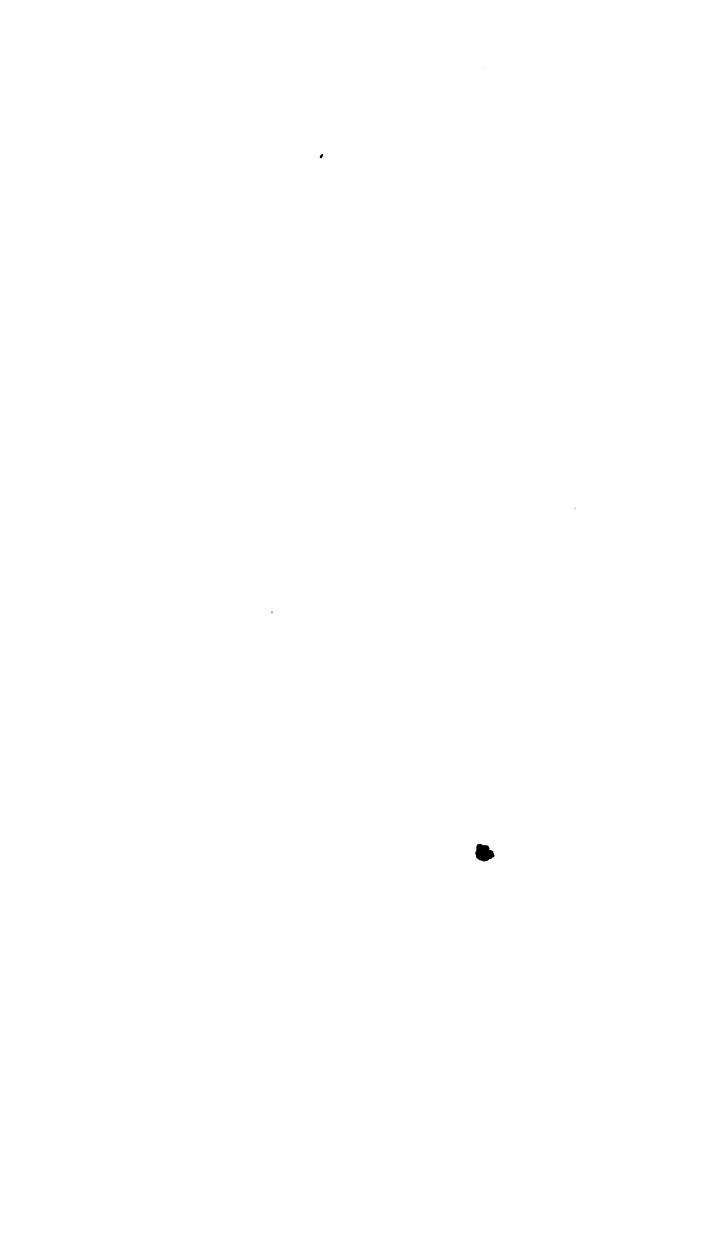
IV. 5.

A LL glory and praise to the Father be given,
 The Son, and the Spirit, from earth and from
 heaven;
 As was and is now, be supreme adoration,
 And ever shall be, to the God of salvation.

COME, let us adore Him ; come, bow at His
 feet ;
 Oh ! give Him the glory, the praise that is meet ;
 Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
 And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

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